

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

Vol. LIV.

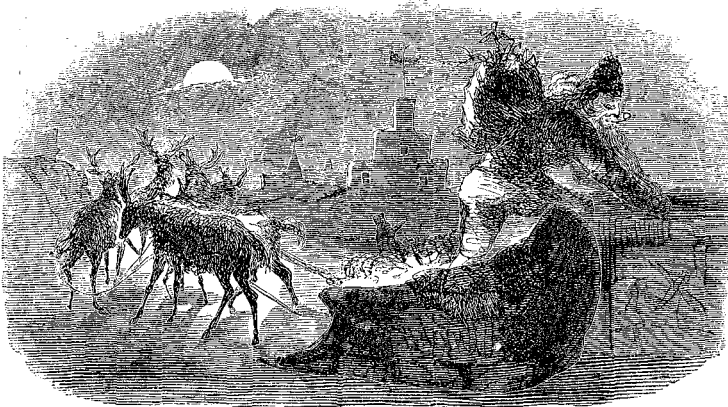
JULY, 1859.

No. 1.

NEW-YORK ILLUSTRATED.

God made the country, man made the city.

Cain went out from the presence of the Lord and 'built a city.' Nevertheless, we love cities. We love their bustle, their throbbing life, their mighty influences. To them we look for the development and practical application of great ideas. In them we find the best and the worst of humanity. Learning and ignorance, wealth and poverty,



THE PATRON-SAINT OF NEW-YORK.

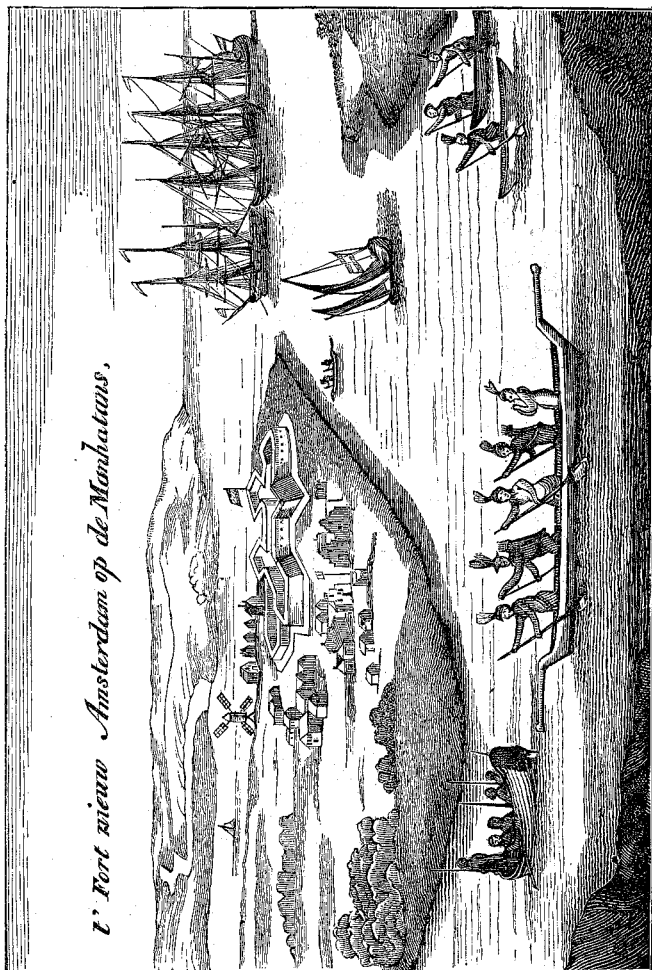
virtue and vice are there in strangest contrast. Yet cities would die out from the destructive agencies at work within them were they not replenished by an influx of life from the country. Civilization, like Antæus of old, is really strong and enduring only when it touches the earth. Its robust and manly virtues spring from the soil. The enervating vices of cities have done more to cover the earth with their ruins than pestilence and the sword of the conqueror. But cities are not our theme. Nor will we attempt to prove just now that the axis of the earth and the hub of the universe protrude through the island

VOL. LIV.

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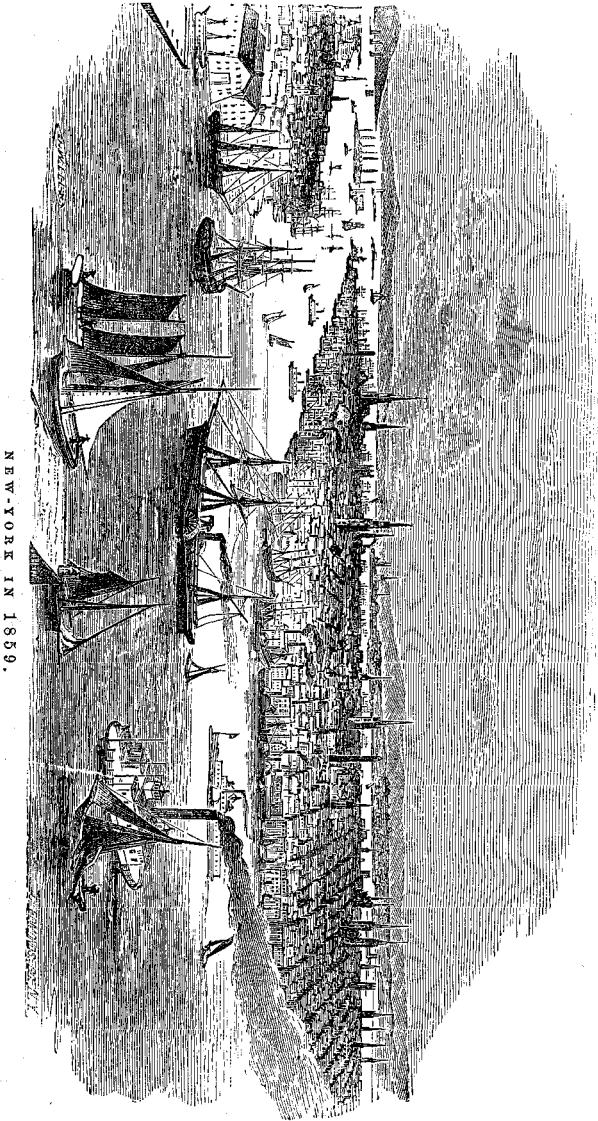
of Manhattan. In consideration of its age, however, the KNICKERBOCKER, the Magazine of the Knickerbockers, in the beginning of its Fifty-fourth Volume — equally removed from the vanity of youth, and growing old only as the best wines grow old — may perhaps be allowed a few remarks on the collection of houses at the *embouchure* of the Hudson, known to our ancestors as 'New-Amsterdam,' and to whose Patron-Saint we used to chant the night before Christmas, in addition to our prayers:

'SAINT NICHOLAS, good, holy man,
Put your best Tabbard on you can,
And in it go to Amsterdam,' etc.



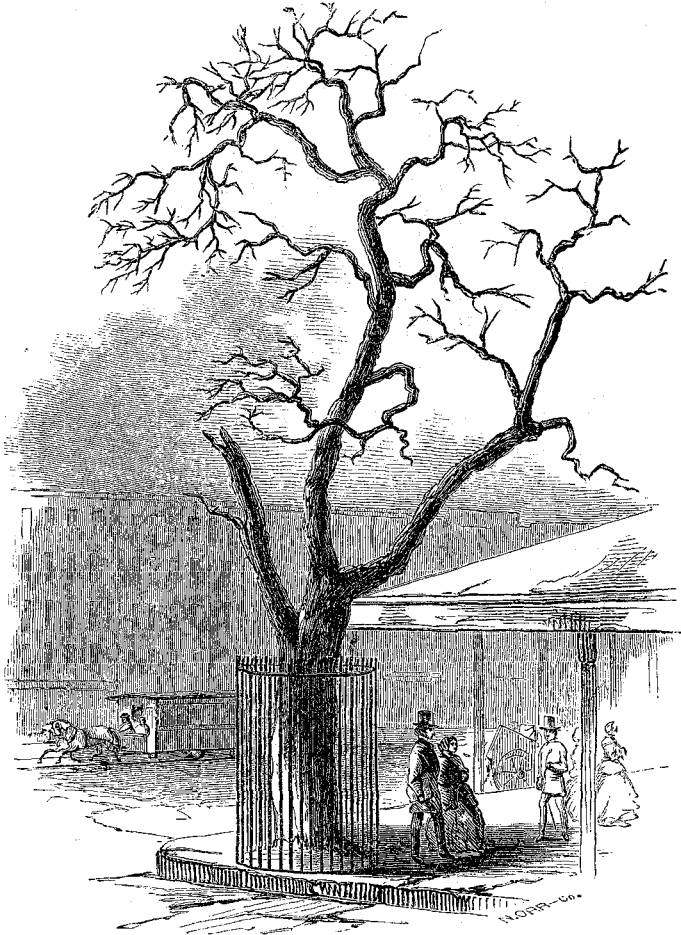
NEW-YORK IN ITS EARLY SETTLEMENT.

While a student of medicine in Vienna, before it was our (and our readers') misfortune to lay aside the scalpel for the pen, we remember counting on one occasion in the great *auditorium* of the University



the representatives of twenty-five different nations, speaking as many languages and professing almost as many religions. Yet no city in the world is so cosmopolitan, is so perfect a mosaic of nationalities as

in our streets ; and dark-eyed Gipsies wander unnoticed in the midst of us, though they speak a dialect of the Sanscrit, believe in the transmigration of souls, and retain in their shadowy faith traces of the ancient Fire Worship.



PETER STUYVESANT'S PEAR-TREE.

To a foreigner New-York is a standing, or rather, an ever-varying wonder, that has risen like a phœnix from the waves. Change is stamped on every thing. 'Let us pull down our ware-houses and build greater,' is the motto of her princely merchants. Boasting of the best government in the world, we have scarcely any ; jealous of our republican equality, the off-scouring of European nobility finds

ready acceptance in our society; proud of our material achievements and our industry, the names at least of many articles in common use with us are manufactured abroad. 'Enterprise hath here an everlasting carnival; fashion is often rampant; financial crises sweep away fortunes; reputations are made and lost with magical facility; friends come and go; life and death, toil and amusement, worth and folly, truth and error, poetry and matter of fact, alternate with more than dramatic celerity.'

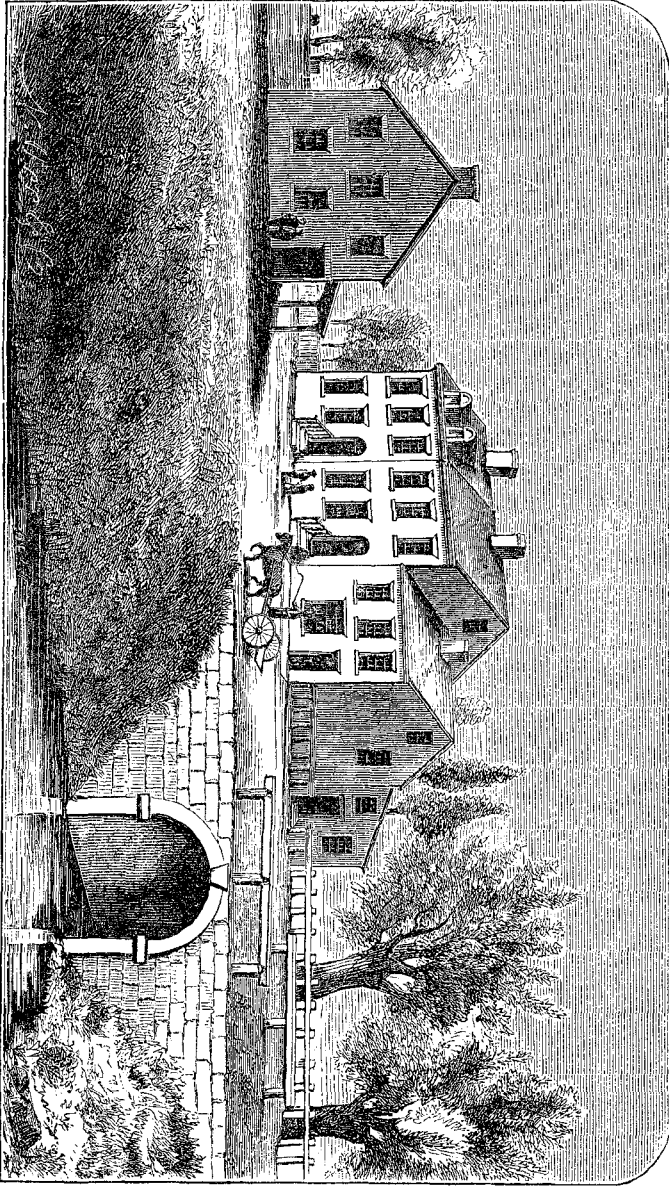
More remarkable and not less interesting are the changes which New-York constantly exhibits to her own citizens, especially when taken in connection with her past history. For our pictorial illustrations of this subject, and for many of our facts, we are indebted to a large and elegant volume just published, which, for its careful and conscientious preparation, completeness, and admirable execution cannot but please the reader.* London, Paris, all the great cities of Europe, in fact, boast of plethoric and splendid volumes recording their origin, growth, and whatever about them may interest the world; and it is somewhat singular that New-York, which has undergone so many and such marvellously rapid changes, which from an obscure Dutch trading-port has so soon grown into the metropolis of the western continent, whose shores, now lined with more ships than enter any other harbor, so recently swarmed with Indian canoes, and whose recent cow-paths have been converted into the most magnificent streets in the world; it is somewhat singular, we say, that up to the present time this great city has had no historian to collect and collate into a complete and connected volume, her abundant archives; and by no means complimentary to our Knickerbocker writers that the task has been undertaken by a lady, and we are glad to say, performed with industry and singular fidelity.

It was on the morning of September the eighth, 1664, that Peter Stuyvesant, the last of the Dutch Governors, marched his soldiers out of Fort Amsterdam, and the English marched in triumph into the city and ran up their flag upon the old fort, which they christened in honor of King James. To the men, women, and children who besought him to desist from a useless resistance and surrender, he replied that he would rather be carried out dead. The ashes of the redoubtable Governor rest in the family vault within the church, erected by himself on his own extensive bowery — now the Church of St. Mark — but save our Knickerbocker names and Knickerbocker spirit, there remains only a single vestige of those good old Dutch times. On the corner of Thirteenth-street and Third Avenue still flourishes, bearing

* HISTORY OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK: from its Earliest Settlement to the Present Time. By MARY L. BOOTH. Illustrated with one hundred engravings. Royal octavo: pp. 850. New-York: W. R. C. CLARK AND MEERER, 49 Walker-street.

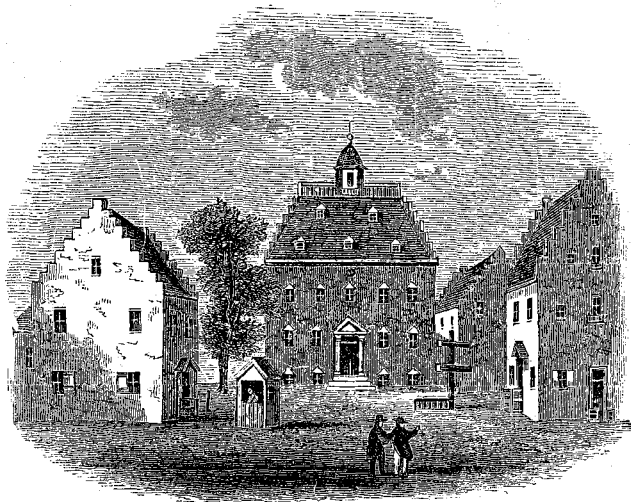
both foliage and fruit, though in the two hundred and twenty-first year of its age, the pear-tree of Peter Stuyvesant, brought by him,

CORNER OF BROADWAY AND CANAL-STREET IN 1812.



it is said, from Holland, and replanted where it now stands by his own hands, after having grown for a time within the walls of the old fort.

Had Hendrik Hudson ascended Ingleberg (now Murray) Hill two hundred and fifty years ago, his eye glancing over the southern part of Manhattan, would have rested on a number of wood-crowned hills and grassy valleys, a chain of swamps extending across the island from the present James-street on the south-east to Canal-street at the north-west, a lake deep enough to float the largest ship in our navy where the Tombs now stands, and various ponds, marshes and sand-hills. Nor need we go so far back. Fifty years ago the main features of the island had undergone scarcely any alteration. The Park was then considered outside the city. People travelling up Broadway crossed Canal-street on a stone bridge over a canal, forty feet wide, that ran from the Collect, or fresh-water lake, where anglers still sported, and strange sea-monsters were thought by the vulgar to live, through the

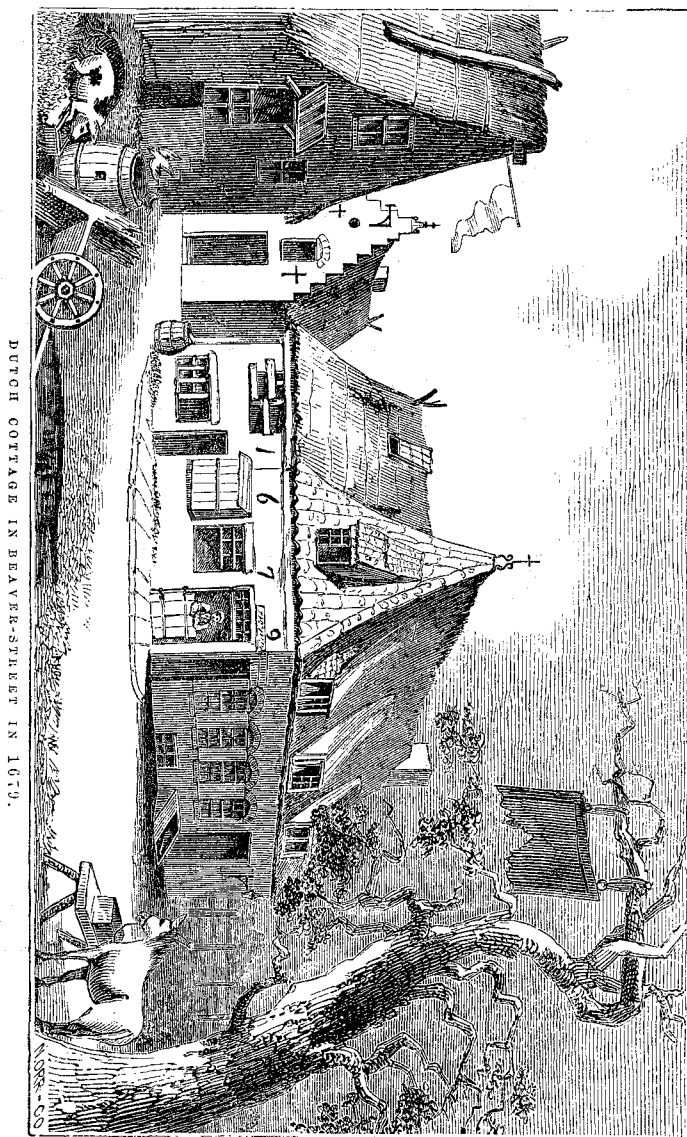


OLD 'STADT HUYS' AT THE HEAD OF COENTIES SLIP.

Lispenard Meadows to the North River. The venerable Isaac Bell, Sen., a resident of New-York, in the ninety-second year of his age, yet hale and hearty, who saw the Revolution with his own eyes, skated with Prince William Henry, the future William the Fourth, then an awkward sailor-boy on his first cruise, where now stands the St. Nicholas Hotel — the Collect being regarded as too dangerous a place for the scion of royalty.

In 1625 the first white child was born in the colony of New-Amsterdam. When Nicolls took the town from old Peter Stuyvesant it contained only about fifteen hundred inhabitants. At the time of the Revolution, the city had a population of less than twenty thousand, and in 1800 sixty thousand, while in this year of our LORD it contains over

seven hundred thousand souls, and at the present rate of increase, will have in 1900 not less than five millions.



DUTCH COTTAGE IN BEAVER-STREET IN 1670.

In the year 1626, Peter Minuit purchased the whole Island of Manhattan of the Indians for twenty-four dollars' worth of cheap trinkets and utensils. In the earliest deed on record in the city, (about 1635,)

Abraham Van Steenwyck conveyed to Anthony Van Trees a lot on Bridge-street, thirty feet front by one hundred and ten feet deep, for the sum of nine dollars and sixty cents. Until 1642 city lots were unknown. Less than fifty years ago a Lutheran Church of New-York being involved in pecuniary difficulties, a friend proposed to assist in relieving its embarrassments by the donation of six acres of land near the corner of Broadway and Canal-street; but after mature deliberation the trustees refused the gift, alleging that the tract in question was not worth the trouble of fencing in. The valuation of real estate on the island is now five hundred million dollars; and in 1856 the city gave nearly five and a half millions for the Central Park — more than all Manhattan was worth a few years ago.

Pearl-street, the oldest in the city, was first built upon in 1633; and in honest Dutch times the respectable Dutch burghers kept their own cows and rode in their own wagons. Now there are hundreds of miles of streets under-laid with a perfect net-work of sewers, gas and water-pipes, and traversed by over five hundred omnibuses and two hundred cars for public conveyance, beside innumerable private equipages. When the city was confined to a few houses, scattered around old Fort Amsterdam, Cornelius Dircksen, who owned a farm near Peck Slip, came at the sound of the horn that hung against a tree and ferried the waiting passengers across the East-River in his little skiff for the moderate sum of three stivers in wampum.

In 1657 a mail went regularly twice a week from New-York to Philadelphia, making the journey in three days; and in 1673 Lovelace established the first mail to Boston, consisting of a single messenger, who was to go and return with letters and packages once a month for a 'more speedy intelligence and dispatch of affairs.' In the year 1817 the 'Black Ball Line' of packet ships to Liverpool was established; and twenty years later the steam-ships 'Sirius' and 'Great Western' first entered the harbor of New-York. Now almost every day brings its ocean-steamer, and every wind of heaven wafts tall ships to our port. Eleven telegraph-lines convey messages to distant cities with the rapidity of thought; seven lines of rail-road intersect the city, and eighteen steam-boat lines ply between its harbor and the transatlantic, southern and Californian ports.

William Bradford, in the year 1693, set up the first printing-office in New-York, executing as his first volume a small folio of the laws of the colony; and in 1725 he began the publication of the *New-York Gazette*. Now there are some three hundred and fifty periodical publications in the city, of every size and form, and representing every class and opinion. At the KNICKERBOCKER establishment, in the Swamp, the abode of the tanners of olden times and the substantial New-Yorkers of to-day, which was once leased to Rip Van Dam

for twenty-one years, at a yearly rent of twenty shillings, and in 1739 sold to Jacobus Roosevelt for two hundred pounds, in the KNICKERBOCKER establishment alone, more than thirty magazines and news-

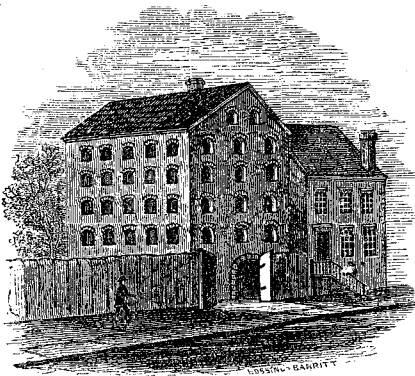


ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

papers are regularly printed, and twenty-five steam-presses are insufficient to meet the wants of the reading public.

When Director Kieft had determined to build the first church erected on the island within the walls of Fort Amsterdam, notwithstanding the objection that it would intercept the south-east wind and obstruct the working of the wind-mill on the North-River, nothing was wanted but the necessary funds. Opportunely, at this juncture a daughter of Dominie Bogardus was married. The principal citizens were invited to the wedding; the wine circulated freely, and all were merry. The festivity having reached its height, the subscription-paper was produced, and the excited guests vied with each other in the amount of their donations; and there were some the next morning who would fain have recalled their reckless liberality. At the present time there are about three hundred churches in New-York; and two or three thousand dollars are not unfrequently laid on the plates as the collection of a congregation on a single Sabbath for the benefit of the missionary, or some other cause.

Equally marked have been the social changes in New-York. As Dr. Francis says: 'The Dutch gable-ends have disappeared; Yankees have driven out burgomasters; Cuban segars, Holland pipes; rail-ways,



OLD SUGAR HOUSE.

old-fashioned gigs, and omnibuses, family chariots; the tonsorial occupation is all but superseded by the perpetual holiday of beards; and skirts, instead of being gathered up as of old, sway in fixed expansion on the encroaching hoop; turbans, shoe-buckles, queues, the pillory, spinning-wheels, and short ruffles are obsolete, while the 'last of the cocked hats' is visible in our streets; but the good old Knickerbocker honesty and geniality may yet be found

by some fire-sides.' There are however, a few relics of colonial and revolutionary times, which have more than a local interest.

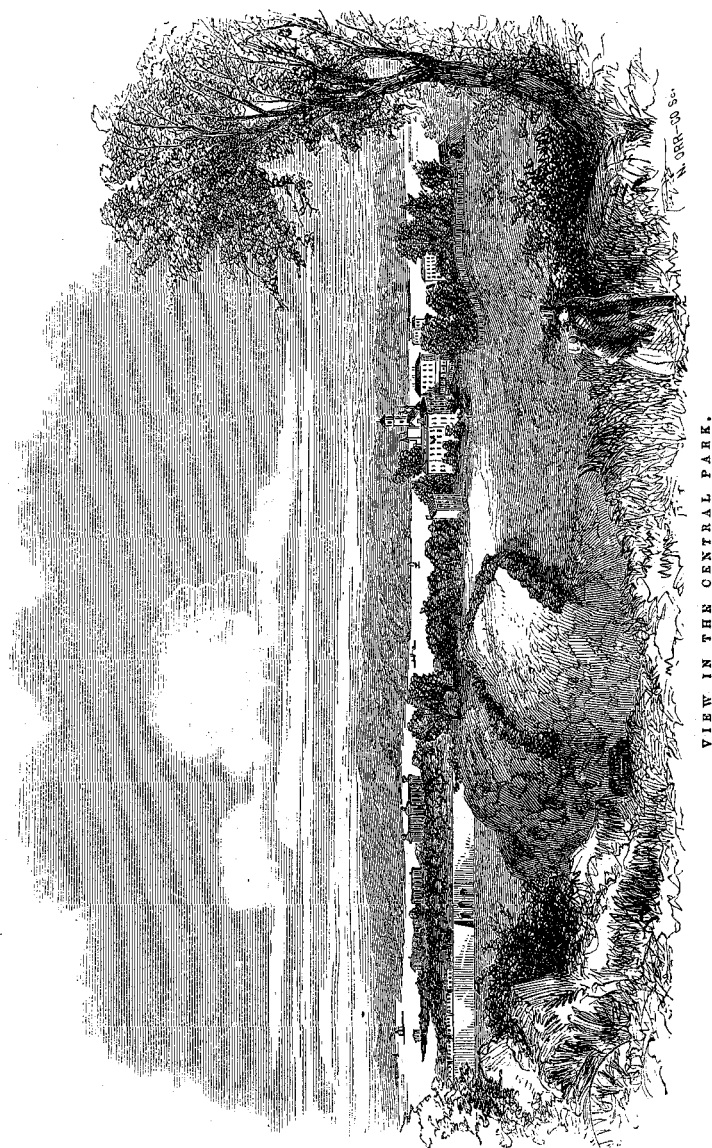
The repeal of the Stamp Act served, in New-York, in the first flush of victory, to cover a multitude of sins. Though the right of Great Britain to tax the colonies was asserted by Pitt, a large meeting of citizens assembled, at Burns' Coffee-House, on the twenty-third of June, 1766, and petitioned the Assembly to erect a statue in honor of 'the great Commoner,' the so-called champion of American liberty. The request was granted. The statue was of marble, and was set up in Wall-street on the seventh of September, 1770. The statesman was represented in a Roman toga, with a half-open scroll in his right hand,

on which were the words, *Articuli Magnæ Chartæ Libertatum*. The left hand was extended, as if in the act of delivering an oration. The pedestal wore the inscription: 'The Statue of the Right Honorable William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, was erected as a public testimony of the grateful sense the colony of New-York retains of the many eminent services he rendered to America, particularly in promoting the repeal of the Stamp Act, Anno Domini 1770.' It did not long retain its place. After the occupation of the city by the British in 1775, the head and right hand were struck off by the soldiery, in revenge for the insults before offered by the Americans to the statue of George the Third. The headless trunk remained standing until after the evacuation in 1783, when it was removed to the Bridewell Yard. It was thence transferred to the yard of the Arsenal, near the Collect, and finally found its way to the corner of Franklin-street and West-Broad-way, where its headless trunk may now be seen in front of the basement entrance of the Museum Hotel.

At the same meeting at Burns' Coffee-House it was also resolved to erect an equestrian statue of George the Third on the Bowling-Green. It was set up in front of Fort George on the twenty-first of August, 1770, amid the noise of artillery and the huzzas of the people, but upon the reception in New-York of the news of the Declaration of Independence, it was dragged from its pedestal by a band of patriots headed by Belden, and sent, hewed in pieces, to Litchfield, then the residence of Oliver Wolcott, the patriot Governor of Connecticut, by whose wife and daughters it was run into bullets, of which the Whigs of the surrounding country were invited to come and take freely. In their hands they did good service, killing four hundred British soldiers during the subsequent invasion of Connecticut by Governor Tryon. Forty-two thousand bullets were made from the statue. The saddle-cloth was sunk in a marsh opposite the house of Wolcott, where it was quite recently discovered by accident, and exhumed, and after passing through various hands, was purchased by Mr. Riley of the Museum Hotel, where it still remains, with a small piece of the pedestal of the statue, a fitting companion for the statue of Pitt. The remainder of the pedestal, we believe, is used as a stepping-stone in front of a house in Jersey City.

During the occupation of New-York by the British forces, in the Revolution, several of the churches, especially where the congregations zealously espoused the cause of independence, were sadly desecrated. The Middle Dutch Church — the Post-office of the city since 1844 — was used as a prison, and afterward as a riding-school for the British officers and soldiers, and became the scene of habitual ribaldry, profanity, and dissipation. The whole of the interior, galleries and all, was destroyed, leaving the bare walls and roof. It is stated that a Mr.

Oothout obtained permission from Lord Howe to take down the bell, which had been cast in Amsterdam in 1731, and in the preparation of whose metal a number of the citizens of that place threw quantities of



VIEW IN THE CENTRAL PARK.

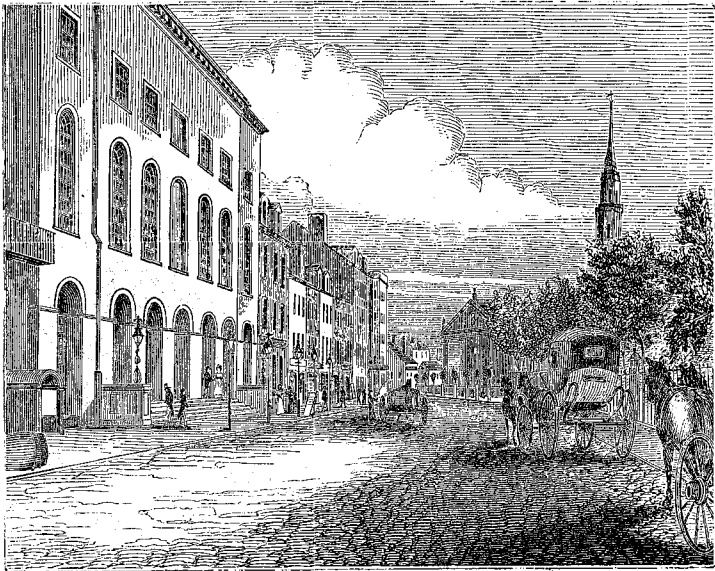
silver coin. He stored the bell in a secure place until the British army evacuated the city. When the church was reopened, it was brought

forth from its hiding-place and restored to the old position. On Sabbath mornings it now rings out its clear silver tones from the belfry of the Dutch Reformed Church in Lafayette Place.

SEATING IN THE CENTRAL PARK.



To the many interesting historical localities in New-York, each of them worthy of a pilgrimage, we can scarcely more than refer. We should be happy to go with the reader to the old Walton House, in Pearl-street, the fame of whose splendor once extended to Europe, but which is now mainly used for an emigrant boarding-house, where Citizen Genet, the Minister of France, was married to the daughter of Governor Clinton; to the part of the old Sugar-House still standing near the Post-Office, built in the days of Leisler, and one of the gloomiest of the many prisons for American soldiers during the Revolution; to the site of the old Federal Hall, in whose balcony Washington was inaugurated President of the United States, and to the various places which he made his head-quarters while in the city, not omitting the now splendid Murray Hill, where the worthy Quaker

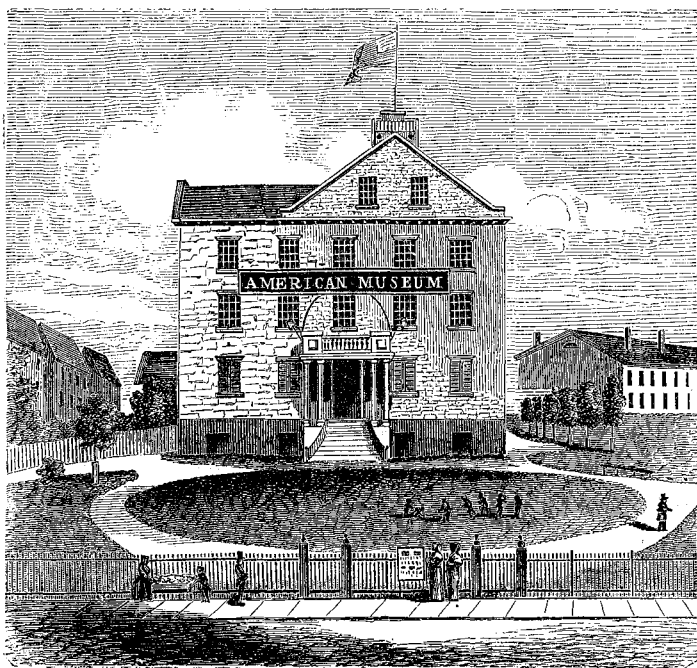


THE PARK THEATRE.

matron, mother of the grammarian, by her cordial hospitality detained the British generals long enough, on the day of the capture of the city, to enable the American brigade to escape to Harlem; to Richmond-Hill, occupied successively by Washington, Guy Carleton, Lord Dorchester, and Aaron Burr, whom Dr. Hosack found, a few hours after the death of Hamilton, calmly reading the 'Confessions of Rousseau' in his bath, as if totally oblivious of the terrible tragedy that had just shocked the citizens of New-York.

More interesting even than the above, are the Bowling Green and the Commons of earlier times, so intimately associated with the

struggle for American Liberty. On the Bowling Green, in the early history of the city, holidays were celebrated and May-poles erected. There also the British Treaty was burned. In the Kennedy House, now the Washington Hotel, lived Howe and Clinton during the Revolution, and there André commenced his correspondence with Arnold. Just above was the King's Arms Tavern, (now the Atlantic Garden,) the head-quarters of General Gage, and afterward known as the Burns' Coffee-House, the rendezvous of the Sons of Liberty, and where the first important step was taken toward the rebellion of the Colonies.



THE OLD AMERICAN MUSEUM.

The Commons, now the City-Hall Park, a mere plot of ground in comparison with the Central Park, (the largest in the world, and of which we give two splendid illustrations,) was the scene of many tumultuous meetings of the Liberty Boys, before the British occupation of the city. It was in these assemblages that Hamilton and Jay, of whom every New-Yorker is justly proud, first made themselves celebrated. It was on the Commons that Leisler suffered an unmerited death. There also stood the old Bridewell, or City Prison. At the north end was the old American Museum; and fronting it the Park Theatre, which long retained the theatrical monopoly of the city.

ROMANTIC ASPECTS OF CALIFORNIA AND INDIA.*

THE old dispute between the respective champions of the classic and the romantic has passed out of court by default. Classicality has entered a *nol. con.*, and has left the field to its younger, intenser, more jubilant, more elastic, and more dishevelled rival. The latest philosophy declares on ultimate and transcendental principles that romance belongs to the essence of Christianity, that it enters into the very life-blood of modern times, that it is an inherent property of all our civilization and modes of thought, of our loves and hates, our joys and sorrows, of all Christian pathos, aspiration, and intuition, and that a classical spirit and style in our own day is at once an anachronism and a heresy. Our novels, our dramas, our adventures, our habits are all romantic; we live in the focus and fiery furnace of an era of wild literary, scientific, and inventive exuberance; we love extravagant ideas, horrors, and splendor, and apotheosize the greatest absurdity; we throng to cousinly plays that would have driven Sophocles mad, and read novels that Quintilian would have declared the work of lunacy; in short, we are hopeless romanticists, and we rejoice in it.

Whence is the charm and secret power of romance? In the essential character of Christianity, says many a German philosopher. In the essential character of the Gothic mind, says another school of thinkers. In coffee, tea, and tobacco, says a shrewd physiological inquirer. In the rail-way, steam-ship, and telegraph, says some body enchanted by modern improvements. In the unwhipped and barbarous state of the public mind and social arrangements, says some unconverted pagan. But whatever the cause, the fact of the supremacy of romance in the ideas, sentiments, and literature of our age can hardly be disputed.

Romance is nearly akin to wit, for it implies the conjunction of remote ideas. It is the transfiguration of life, a sort of transcendental being, doing, and suffering. It is the eternal foe of the common-place, yet no one will pronounce it unreal who has felt and reflected how much of what is best in life is shadow and not substance. It is the natural language and the appropriate characteristic of a finite being placed amid the magnificent and evanishing spaces of an infinite universe. A far-reaching quality belongs to every romantic notion, with a sense also of mysterious distances, which the mind attempts in vain to penetrate; of mysterious divine qualities, which the heart struggles

* THE NEW AND THE OLD: OF California and India, in *Romantic Aspects*. By Dr. J. W. PALMER. New-York: RUDD AND CARLETON. 1859.

in vain to take in. Life is real and earthly, but it is also a winged life in a spiritual universe. There is much of human experience, the best statistics of which are found in poems and novels. Romance must always enter largely into all highest moods of thought, but it belongs especially to an age of discovery, invention and momentous transitions, when new ideas are at work, new principles evoked, and new modes of civilization portended but not realized. The electricity fills the air, but the bolt has not yet struck, and the heavens are not yet cleared of the dishevelled and fleeting clouds of venerable tradition. Gravitation, changing, is about to go the other way, and bear with it the whole starry system of society, government, and religion, all the manners and instincts of public and private life. The world's history is but an account of the progress of man through a series of civilizations, as through a zodiac; and who will deny that the wonderful improvements in physical auxiliaries, the strange advances in practicable speculative opinions, which distinguish the period since the great French revolution, mark the slow and steady passage of the race into a new zodiacal sign? In such a time the mind vainly tries to grasp the shadows which flit about it, to foresee the new order which the astrologic heavens are working out. Alive with wild thought which will not be tamed, the author in despair produces from a disordered mind a disordered work—and writes a novel. This may be the secret of the present popularity of novels and romances: they are *à propos* to the times, the wisest thing we are capable of, a product congenial to every intellectually active age, but most especially to a period when science seems about to utter a new oracle, and Art to rise to a higher standpoint and dictate new laws to her votaries.

A happy illustration of these views of romance is furnished by the 'Romantic Aspects' of Dr. Palmer. Something of a philosopher as well as traveller, it has been his good fortune to see what may be called the two ends of the world, the eastern side of the Orient and the western side of the Occident. Why did he not avail himself of his travels as a text to write out a wise disquisition on the universe? Why did he not recall his scholastic mathematics, and using his birth-place, his home on the Irrawaddi, and his home on the Sacramento as the three sufficient points, draw the full circle of human destiny? Why, indeed, need a man circumnavigate the globe to produce a work which at first glance looks very much like a story-book? Why did he not reduce his experiences to a system, and give us a profound book with a final and finished view of all that need be known about the East and the West?

The answer is, simply that Dr. Palmer lives near the middle of the nineteenth century, when final views, complete expressions of any thing, are as unfashionable as they are impossible. He is a genuine

son of romance, and his travels will serve scientific or economic purposes only when Shakspeare shall be recognized as prince of statisticians. He gives us little of theory or history, and is inclined to let the world wag in future as it pleases without encouragement or hindrance from him; but merely reflects the romantic character of the age by binding up together his reminiscences of Californian and of Indian life, and casting them before us to twitch in a moment into two opposite hemispheres our minds already distracted by multitudes of other equally romantic books, in which we delight, and which are in spite of all that can be said against them the distinguishing and proper glory of the literature of our time. In Rome we should do as the Romans do, and in the nineteenth century we cannot do better than read and write as many novels as possible, and put all our observations and speculations into romantic forms.

From the series of sketches which make up the agreeable miscellany of Dr. Palmer's new book, we can notice but a few, which will be sufficient to convey some impression of its careful literary finish, and of its general composite character, as a work both of memory and imagination engaged upon most widely diversified materials.

He reached California in 1849, a physician by profession, with little to aid him but six letters of introduction. Five of these were deli-



vered, and as a result, 'Five gentlemen, friends of the family, were most happy to see me. Five gentlemen congratulated me on arriving so early; I had fortune by the forelock. Five gentlemen considered this a splendid country—great openings for young gentlemen of enterprise and talent, especially doctors'—half the population, they said, were ill—fees enormous—in a week would be overrun with patients—knew some lovely water-lots for investments—and numerous other conversational fragmentary items and suggestions, closing up with the assurance that they were very busy—getting up lumber—'Come and see them—take care of myself, old fellow—by-the-by, as I was new to the place, liable to be bewildered, tempted—would just throw in a friendly hint—gambling in San Francisco universal and without bounds—all classes fling themselves madly into the giddy whirl of drink and play—doctors, lawyers, editors, judges, professors, divines—faro, roulette, rondo, keeno, monk, lansequenet, bluff—soul-absorbing, dreadful, *lasciate ogni speranza voi chi v'entrate*—Dante, you know—Hell—splendid—all right—take care of myself. And that was all I got out of five of these friends of the family.'

With his sixth letter he fared better, and was soon in sufficient practice. The preceding design represents one of his first cases.

A ball-room heroine, a Creole girl from New-Orleans, was stabbed in the shoulder by a jealous Chilena. The doctor was called upon to attend the beautiful and now blaspheming vixen, who, between the sharp stitches of his suture-needle, cursed alternately her rival and her Adams' revolver that had hung fire. The wound was healed, but our author was no physician to so bad a mind as that of the Creole vengeful spit-fire, who had scarcely escaped from his hands, when at a dishevelled masked-ball she struck her Chilian enemy a fatal blow with a bowie-knife.

Introduced by this adventure to the orgies of the place, Dr. Palmer soon learned and witnessed the incidents of 'The Fate of the Farleighs.' Amid the revels he detected a tall and singularly graceful young English woman, who seemed strangely out of place there, and hopelessly wretched—who moved in the dance, grave, pale, and abstracted, with no apparent interest in it or consciousness of it. 'How like the very ghost of a bacchanal, with her motions merely, but not emotions, she flung herself desperately into the brave abandon of the Spanish dance, flashing her soft, white shoulders, beautifully balancing her pensile arms, proudly careering her conquering neck.' This woman, a refuse from the English home of her husband and from the society of her acquaintances, had come 'to see her fate out,' to dazzle and dance her life away in all the rudeness of Californian adventure. Her proud spirit, however, remained to her, and when her husband also made his appearance in California, she found his approach intolerable. Whether

it were a sense of injury or of remorse, she only flamed with passion. But this was but for a moment; soon she turned ashen pale, with a deep, dangerous, and despairing hate; her health and beauty departed at once; arsenic was attempted, but the doctor came just in time to pump it up; but impatient for the end, the sequel soon came, and her corpse was recovered from the river.



'MAD, from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled —
Any where, any where,
Out of the world.'

The most interesting circumstance, which proves how curiously goodness and wickedness are sometimes blended together, remains to be stated. She left to her son, the offspring of her marriage, a large legacy, which she had industriously hoarded, signing the will with her assumed name and a fearful appendage — 'Lucy Mason, the lost.'

In reflecting on the character of San-Franciscan society in 1849, Dr. Palmer remarks: 'It was strange how soon, and how surely, the original Satan in every new arrival asserted himself.' An amusing instance follows. One Gossage, who went to California in a white neck-cloth from an apostolic circuit in Alabama, and for a time dis-

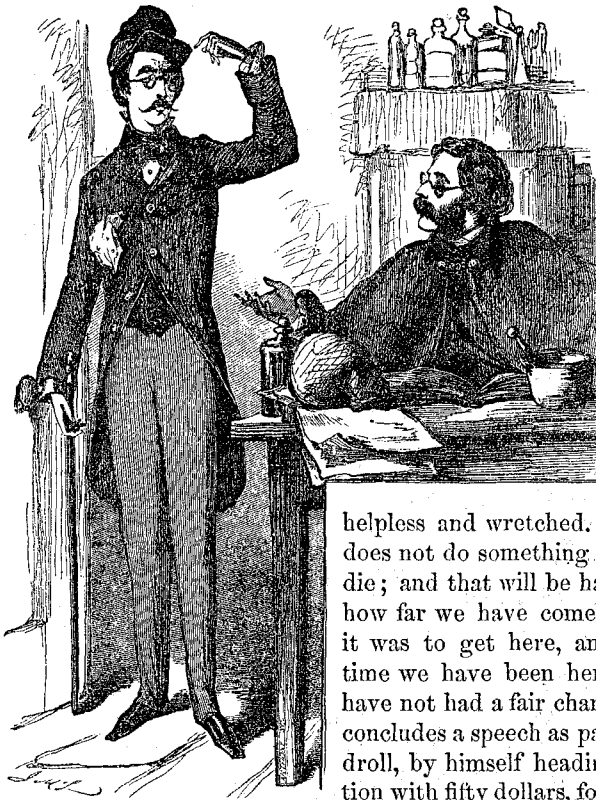
pensed pious tracts from a green bag, had within a year become a notorious master of the gambler's games — brag, bluff, and poker. And reckless, too, as notorious; for one night, when his trunk in the attic was totally empty, he boasted in a company of congenial gentlemen, that it contained five thousand dollars in the famous gold coin known as 'Moffat's kine.' A young man, who was playing the part of an 'amused spectator,' questioned the statement; whereupon Gossage affirmed, in a grammatical style that we trust he had acquired since he left the pulpit, that 'facts is facts, and opinions as is opinions is worth backing.' The result was a bet, a matching of piles, and the deposition of four hundred dollars in the hands of a mutual friend: whereupon, the company started toward the roof of the house to explore the trunk. At the top of the first flight, Gossage stopped, and had scruples about going on and claiming the wager, because he was betting on positive certainty. His opponent made a facetious reply, and on they went up another flight. There Gossage stopped again, was overflowing with honorable sentiments, and wished to 'expostulate' with his young friend and brother, who was 'apperiently a person of feeling and refinery.' He told him that he was making a 'rather resky' entrance upon life in that new civilization, and he was 'agreeable to let him up.' The 'brother' returned thanks, confessed that he was touched by such tokens of kind consideration, but nevertheless preferred not to be let up from a bet, which at least had been so fortunate as to gain for him the acquaintance of his honorable friend. Thus compliments were exchanged as the third flight was mounted. There Gossage stopped again, changed his mood, and wished to know how far the gentleman meant to carry this joke. 'If the gentleman was in earnest, the gentleman must excuse him, but he considered the gentleman a damned fool.' He began to talk about 'insinewations,' and was evidently inclined to provoke a quarrel, which should introduce some *deus ex machina* to release him from the meshes which were drawing too closely about him. His young opponent made no other reply, than to ask him 'whether he lived inside the house, or out on the roof,' and on they went till the door of the chamber was reached. There Gossage again turned, and with his hand on the knob, declared entreatingly: 'You'd better not.' Another expostulation followed as the lid of the trunk was about to be raised, but at length the emptiness of the trunk and of its owner's boasting were alike exposed. What would a sage, a Plato, or a Macchiavelli have said, if he had been caught precisely in the circumstances of the baffled gambler? Would it have been any thing wiser than this? 'Boys,' said Gossage out of the corner of his eye, 'you've got me this time, where the hair's short!'

Among the adventurers who flocked to California, men of genius

were doubtless more frequent than they are in old and established countries, and there too genius was unrestrained from assuming the quality of eccentricity. Mr. Mill would not have complained in San-Francisco that there was no chance for individuality and peculiarity of character. In fact, there was no chance for any thing else. Mr. Karl Joseph Krafft is presented to us by Dr. Palmer as a sort of romantic hero, talented, interesting, odd, and of the sort which in novels of old-fashioned life we feel sure will do something wonderful, and die supernaturally. How will he succeed in a chaotic new world, a whirling eddy bordering the great oceanic course of empire?



He comes from Germany to San-Francisco, touching, however, on his way, at ports in every quarter of the globe, enters a mercantile house, becomes indispensable to his employer by detecting his tricks, marries his daughter, makes a fortune, loses it by one sublime failure — ‘a sort of Paradise Lost among the epics of speculation,’ is thrown upon his wits, and begins a new career by turning beggar for several invalids who are worse than himself. Thus he snaps his finger in announcing his plan :



Taking a ragged *protégé* on each arm, he marches straight up to the bench of his Honor the judge, in full court, and begins a remarkable speech as follows:

‘Your Honor, and gentlemen: we are very sick and hungry, and

helpless and wretched. If some body does not do something for us, we shall die; and that will be hard, considering how far we have come, and how hard it was to get here, and how short a time we have been here, and that we have not had a fair chance.’ He finally concludes a speech as pathetic as it was droll, by himself heading the subscription with fifty dollars, for what he terms

‘our own relief.’ He passes over the liberal sum thus obtained to the judge for disposition, and this was the first step toward the founding of a city hospital.

Having thus identified himself with paupers, he next displayed his universal genius by identifying himself with a crazy man — an Irishman, who had aspired to the post of contractor, and whose mind had run away with him as he was pursuing his magnificent contemplations. He sat down by the poor fellow, and began to talk of splendid contracts, expenditures of millions, picks and barrows for grading whole streets. The man’s eye at length brightened, and he answered decidedly in a whisper: ‘I’ll do it.’ Then Mr. Kraft took his patient into the street, where the police saved them from interruption, and began to dig away with the madman, who had flung off his coat and hat, and gone to work with wild eyes and set teeth. Thus reflected the most sane man of the two on his experiment: ‘Beautiful! we are a trifle crack-brained, to be sure, but for digging we are worth a dozen philosophers yet. . . . When this is through with, we shall be hungry,

and then we shall eat ; after that, we shall feel congenial, and then we shall talk, shall talk ourselves to sleep, shall dream, and have memories soothing and saving — shall awake the sanest fellows in town, and never fash ourselves again about the devils that are cast out.'

The plan of the benevolent Mr. Krafft was doubtless a good one ; but its execution should have been intrusted to some body who was not a genius, to some body who would have saved the witless Irishman from falling beneath a sun-stroke.

We must skip the diverting heroisms of Mr. Krafft, till at length he returns to business, and plunges stupidly into speculations. The demon had got possession of him, and hardly again did he do a kind or wise thing. Desperate vices, followed by terrible avengements, make up the story of his life, till the taunt of a former friend became intolerable to him, and the romantic and mystic German was found in his chamber, the victim of his own pistol.

The age of cabalism is past. We are losing the consciousness of the mysterious relations of things, the mysterious meanings of every object. The world of divine symbols, which has been elaborated by so many thinkers, is almost unknown to us. The arts and sciences are no longer magical in our eyes. We are not surprised, therefore, that



the artist who illustrates this work, should have nearly failed in an attempt to produce a hieroglyph of California life : we are rather surprised that he should have attempted it at all.

The bottle, the glass, the spade, the pestle, the spurs, the dice, the cards, the mask, the slipper, the pistols, and the dirk, are all there ; but so plainly, that the artist could not himself have believed in the mystery of his design, and in such isolation and unsuggestive juxtaposition, that it is not impressed upon us that we are looking at the very elements which rioted on the shore of the Pacific, until the wild,

many-colored sprite of adventure was slowly confined in the bands of laws and institutions to obey the necessities of organized society. Would that the artist had availed himself of the opportunity to produce a more effective symbol of a run-away society, which in its relations suggests a topsy-turvy universe.

The latter part of the 'Romantic Aspects' passes from the new to the old, from California to India. Some of the finest specimens of composition in the volume, such as the kaleidoscopic vision of 'Mamoul,' are in this portion. Though we acknowledge the skill of the antithetic jugglery by which Dr. Palmer has bound the two parts of his book together, and recognize the fact that, in the realm of romance no law forbids an author to jump over a fly-leaf, and become the antipode of his former self; yet we conclude rather to admire than imitate the feat, and leave the very interesting and highly-finished sketches of Oriental scenery and character with only a commendation of them to the reader.

A L O N E .

If the eagle will build his lofty nest
Where no weaker wing can fly,
And lift his haughty, undazzled sight
Up to the glittering sky:
Why marvels the royal bird of heaven
That no companions to his are given?

If the lily will rear her graceful head
Where no humbler bud can soar,
And ope her corolla to meet such rays
As none but the sun can pour:
Why murmurs the stately regal flower
She dwells apart in the fragrant bower?

And mortal, imperious minds like thine,
Disdaining the beaten track,
And walking the hill-tops in commune high,
Must social endearments lack:
Oh! the heart that would joy in human love,
May not hold itself human hearts above!

THE SEAT OF WAR.

TEN years ago it seemed as if the set time of God to favor the nations had come. The spring of that memorable year was hailed as the dawn of universal liberty. The revolution in Paris was the morning gun that startled Europe, but even that hardly caused such astonishment as when an echo came back from Vienna. Then the people of Milan rose upon the Austrian troops. They fought from house to house, and from street to street, and even on the roof of the Cathedral, till the popular fury prevailed over a disciplined soldiery, and Radetzky, with his whole army, defiled out of the city-gates by night, and retreated across the plains of Lombardy. Then, indeed, it seemed that the great battle was won. ITALY WAS FREE, and the joy of the people knew no bounds. With exultant hearts they thronged to the Cathedral to give solemn thanks to God for their victory.

To swell the general triumph, hardly had Radetzky fled from Milan, before Charles Albert crossed the frontier with a Sardinian army in hot pursuit. At every step numbers were added to the invading host. The revolutionary enthusiasm had spread throughout the Peninsula. The watch-fires were blazing along the Apennines, and Tuscans and Romans and Neapolitans marched to join the glorious army of liberty. At the same time the Italian regiments in the Austrian army deserted their flag. Thus weakened in numbers, and dispirited by defeat, Radetzky withdrew his shattered troops within the walls of Mantua, while the King of Sardinia mustered an array of nearly a hundred thousand men, in all the confidence of victory. Little did he think that, in a few weeks, that magnificent army would be scattered like the autumn-leaves!

At that moment it seemed to human eye as if the power of Austria in Italy was broken forever. Indeed, the Cabinet of Vienna itself felt that the battle was lost, and sought, in terms almost abject and humiliating, to make peace with the victorious people. A commissioner from the Emperor appeared with a formal proposition to Charles Albert to give up the whole of Lombardy, if she would but assume her portion of the public debt. Austria offered to divide the territory of Northern Italy by the line of the Adige, surrendering Lombardy to Sardinia, while she retained only the Venetian territory. The King, who knew the hazards of battle, was strongly inclined to accept these terms; but the fiery Italians denounced the proposal as a betrayal of Venice. They would have all of Italy or none. And so, finally, they had none.

All this while the veteran Radetzky kept behind the walls of Mantua and Verona, biding his time. Charles Albert, distracted by these

very well how to conduct a vigorous
walls of Mantua. Now a siege of
an undertaking as would be a siege of
a net-work of streams, and can only
ere the Austrian chief, secure behind
arrival of reinforcements. In a few
heard in the passes of the Tyrol, and
g down into the plains of Italy. The
put the Austrians in condition to take
h an old man, well stricken in years,
g from his stronghold, he completely
urned his flank, and attacked him in
ught half-a-dozen battles, and was vic-
he Piedmontese army before him from
he frontier into Sardinia. Thus, in a
ize of Italian liberty was lost, and that
ned to years of foreign dominion.

Never had a people such an opportu-
was one which might not recur again
through the divisions of the people and
1 of their leader. Charles Albert was

He was personally brave, as he showed
d on the fatal field of Novara; but he
energy, the quickness of perception and
are decisive in war. Had he possessed
out of a good French general, like Chan-
robably the Austrians would have lost

disasters, and surveying the field of battle,
been decided once, and may be decided
again, it has seemed to me that what Italy needs to fight successfully
a war of liberty, is a *great military genius* to organize and direct her
wild enthusiasm and her wasted strength.

But the blame of that disastrous campaign does not belong to Charles
Albert alone, but to the people by whom he was feebly supported.
In the first flush of revolution the people fought with astonishing
bravery; but that first success spoiled them. They felt that the bat-
tle was gained, and began to dispute about the spoils of war before
they had made sure of the victory. They were talking when they
ought to have been fighting. It was time enough to decide upon the
form of government when the battle of liberty was gained. But the
mercurial Italians gabbled politics till the Austrian cannon were thun-
dering at their gates. Heaven grant that they may learn wisdom
from this bitter experience!

The issue of the campaign of 1848 shows that it will never be an easy matter to drive the Austrians out of Italy. Even if the people were to rise again in every city, and were again victorious; if the Sardinians again should march to the Holy War; nay, *if the French were to cross the Alps*, and pour down in countless numbers on the plains of Lombardy, still victory would be by no means certain. At first these combined forces might carry all before them. But then it is probable the Austrians would repeat the tactics of Radetzky in 1848. If forced to abandon Milan, they would fall back upon Mantua and Verona. And then would come the tug of war. If you look on the map, you will see that there the Austrians occupy one of the strongest military positions in all Europe, resting on four strong fortresses, which are so situated as to support each other. Verona and Mantua, with Legnago and Peschiera, stand at the angles of a square, or rhomboid. Their ramparts, bristling with cannon, appear like a vast battalion thrown into a hollow square to repel a charge of cavalry. This strong position cannot be attacked with much prospect of success — or at least of immediate success. It cost the great Napoleon nine months to take Mantua; and so well did he know its importance, that when once he got it, he never gave it up until he lost his throne.

This almost impregnable military position is in direct communication with Austria by the passes of the Tyrol. Here, then, an Austrian army would wait in all security, as Radetzky waited, endeavoring only to maintain itself until it wearied out the enemy, or until some unguarded movement enabled it to strike a decisive blow.

But not only is this a very strong position for defence, it is one of great danger to an enemy. An invading army, attempting to drive the Austrians out of Lombardy, must advance into this net-work of fortresses, where any false step exposes it to destruction. Napoleon once got caught here, and extricated himself only by a succession of battles and victories. All obstacles were overcome by his extraordinary military genius. But Napoleon is dead, and he has left no successor.

In default of such marvellous skill, there is no resource but in an overwhelming strength. The invading army must be so superior in numbers, that it can afford to divide, and leave one great division to beleaguer Mantua and Verona, while another, aided by a fleet in the Adriatic, marches upon Venice, or even upon Vienna. Otherwise, if the forces are but equal, as the advantages of position are all on the side of Austria, nothing but the most extraordinary military combinations, or some unaccountable fortune of war, can make the balance incline to the other side.

When, after the disastrous campaign of 1848, Charles Albert was driven out of Lombardy, he entered into an armistice with Marshal

Radetzky, which, of course, both expected would be the prelude to a definite and permanent peace. But when the King got back to Turin, he found that he had raised a storm which he could not quell. Stung by their defeat, and conscious that it was not owing to any want of valor on their part, the brave Piedmontese burned for another chance to wipe out the national disgrace. This ardor was kept up by the excitement in other parts of Italy. The whole Peninsula was still agitated, and young patriots were burning to renew the war of liberty. The popular enthusiasm was too strong to be resisted. If violently repressed, it threatened to break out into Republicanism. The Sardinian Parliament came together on the first of February; and the King addressed the Chambers in a speech full of Italian fire, in which he pointed distinctly to the necessity of again resorting to arms.

By the terms of the armistice, it had been agreed that if either party should decide to resume hostilities, it should give the other eight days' notice. Charles Albert determined to open the campaign on the twentieth of March; and accordingly on the twelfth, a courier was sent off with all speed from Turin to Milan, to bear the formal declaration.

Marshal Radetzky had been expecting this issue, and it did not take him by surprise. The old war-horse snuffed the battle from afar. Never was tidings more eagerly welcomed than this by the garrison of Milan, who hailed it as a new call to victory and glory. Though Radetzky had grown gray in arms, (he was now eighty-three years old,) and might claim exemption from the fatigues of a new campaign, he acted with a promptitude and energy which his enemies might admire, but certainly did not imitate. Orders were at once sent off to the Austrian detachments, to leave small garrisons in the towns, and march with their whole force to join him. This course, indeed, involved the danger of insurrections in his rear. He well knew that if he experienced any check, the whole country would break out in another revolution. In fact, the people did rise in Brescia, and overpowered the garrison, and were for several days masters of the place, until Haynau marched upon them from Venice, and put down the revolt by a horrid massacre. But Radetzky chose to run the risk, for the sake of the main chance. He knew that if he could defeat the Sardinians in one pitched battle, all these isolated insurrections could be easily suppressed; and with that decision which shows him to have been a thorough master of war, he determined to concentrate his whole force, and march straight against the enemy. Of the troops in Milan, he left but a small garrison in the citadel, and marched out with all the rest of his army. Yet he did not take the direct road to Turin, but left by the Roman gate, which led some who had seen him thus depart a year before, to jump to the conclusion that he was going to

retreat. But they little understood him. He kept his counsel, and allowed none to penetrate his designs. He marched south, as he had ordered the several divisions of his army to concentrate at Pavia, a city close to the Piedmontese frontier. His orders had been promptly obeyed. Exact at the hour, every division entered the appointed place of rendezvous. On the night of the nineteenth, the whole army was concentrated around Pavia — nearly seventy thousand men, with over two hundred cannon. At twelve o'clock the next day the armistice expired, and instantly the order was given to march, and before night the whole Austrian army was on the soil of Sardinia.

This easy entrance into the enemy's country was a great advantage gained. As they had to cross a river, their passage might have been disputed, and a division of the Piedmontese army had been appointed to hold them in check. But it was not at its post. This unaccountable negligence, it was supposed, was owing to treachery; and General Ramorino, who commanded this division, was afterward tried by a court-martial and shot. But to leave such a post in treacherous or incapable hands, showed the wretched management which seemed to preside over this whole campaign.

While the Austrians were thus moving in admirable concert, every battalion in line, in the Sardinian camp all was confusion. If the government had shown half the energy and wisdom in preparing for war, that it had shown of rashness in rushing into it, the result might have been different. But its councils seemed infatuated. Carried away by a popular tumult, it had declared war, when totally unprepared. It had, indeed, a large army; and braver soldiers never followed their chiefs to battle; but all the fruit of courage was lost by want of organization. They had not even a leader in whom they had confidence. They had applied for the services of Marshal Bugeaud, the French general who had been so distinguished in Africa; but he would not accept, unless he could have supreme and absolute command, and this was thought to derogate from the royal dignity; and finally they took up with a Polish general, who had gained some distinction in the Revolution of 1831, and who undoubtedly possessed considerable knowledge of the art of war, but who was wholly ignorant of the country in which he was to fight, and the materials which he was to command. He could not even speak the language, and had to give his orders through interpreters. Of a small, unimposing figure, there was nothing about him to inspire confidence in an army to which he was a stranger. The consequence was, that, while every Austrian soldier had unbounded confidence in his chief, which was itself a pledge of victory, the brave Piedmontese marched blindly into battle, with nothing to rely upon but their own unflinching courage. So unskilful were the combinations, that the several divisions were left far apart,

unsupported by each other, by which they were surprised in detail; and even on the field of Novara, it is said that a large part of the troops were not brought into battle at all; but stood, waiting for orders, while the rest of the army was being destroyed! I find that the people here do not like to speak of these events. They cannot recall them without shame and bitterness. The only redeeming thing on that fatal day, was the gallantry of the soldiers, and of their unhappy King. To this no one bore higher testimony than Radetzky himself. In his official report, he says: 'The Piedmontese and Savoyards fought like lions; and the unfortunate Charles Albert threw himself into the thickest of the danger upon every possible opportunity. His two sons also fought with brilliant courage.'

History presents few sadder spectacles than that of Charles Albert on this day, when he lost his kingdom and crown. When he saw that the battle was going against him, he sought to die upon the field. All day long he remained within musket-shot of the most exposed position, one which was three times taken and retaken; and when General Durando took him by the arm, and tried to draw him away, he replied: 'It is useless: it is my last day: let me die!' But in vain he sought this release, though he galloped madly here and there, turning wherever the battle raged. In Turin they still keep, in the hall of armor, the body of the war-horse which he rode; and it was with no common respect that I looked upon the faithful steed which bore his master through the carnage of that dreadful day. But death, which seeks the happy, flies from the unfortunate. Though four thousand of his brave soldiers lay dead and dying around him, the unhappy King could not die. To his sorrow and despair, he left the scene of battle alive, but only to experience a slow, lingering death. That night, when all was lost, the King sent for his two sons, and his generals, and when all were gathered around him, he arose with mournful dignity, and said: 'Gentlemen, fortune has betrayed your courage and my hopes: our army is dissolved; it would be impossible to prolong the struggle: my task is accomplished; and I think I shall render an important service, by giving a last proof of devotedness, in abdicating in favor of my son, Victor Emanuel, Duke of Savoy. He will obtain from Austria conditions of peace which she would refuse if treating with me.' At these words all burst into tears. The king alone was calm. His son, who found royalty thrust upon him, implored his father to reconsider his decision; but he was inflexible. He embraced his sons, and thanked all around him for their devotion and fidelity, saying to them: 'I am no longer your king. Be faithful and devoted to my son as you have been to me.' He then withdrew to write a letter of farewell to the queen, which he charged his son to deliver into her own hand. A little after midnight he left the palace, wrapped in a cloak,

with only a single attendant, and entered a carriage which was in waiting for him; and in a few hours this man, so late at the head of an army and a kingdom, had bid a final adieu to Italy!

The next morning the young King had an interview with Marshal Radetzky, and an armistice was agreed upon, to be followed by immediate negotiations for a permanent peace, the basis of which was a return to the state of things before the war, renunciation by Sardinia of all pretensions to Lombardy or Venice, and reimbursement to Austria of all the expenses of the war! Such was the issue of this memorable campaign, begun and ended in five days! The armistice was signed March twenty-fourth, just one year from the time that Charles Albert invaded Lombardy. Such, then, was the final result of all the dreams and hopes of Italian patriots — of the expenditure of so much treasure and so much blood! Charles Albert retired to Portugal, where a few months after he died of a broken heart.

We have taken the preceding pages from Mr. Field's 'Summer Pictures,'* the most readable and valuable book of European travel that has appeared from the American Press in many months, and of special interest, from its description of the seat of war in Italy — that contracted but historical *terrain* to which the eyes of the world are now directed. The author has twice visited Northern Italy: once in 1849, when Austria set her iron heel upon the uprising nationalities; and the second time but a few months ago. As he conjectured, the French have crossed the Alps, with the intention of expelling the Austrians from Italy, and are now beginning to encounter the difficulties he so well describes.

Who of us does not remember that magnificent oration of Victor Hugo at the Peace Congress, almost denying the possibility of an important European war? Yet now the world beholds nearly half-a-million of men in battle array on the plains of Sardinia — the opposing hosts separated from each other and from carnage, by little more than the narrow and winding Po. To the clear-sighted, the present struggle has long appeared inevitable, growing out of the eternal hatred between those who, supporting the despotic thrones of Europe, talk pompously of absolutism and the sword, as the only panaceas for all social and political evils, and those patient ones who are biding their time to reach freedom through the red waves and fiery surges of revolution. Where it will end, no man can say. The Italians are not the only enslaved people in Europe. The Magyars are ripe for revolt. The Christian population of European Turkey, we know, from actual and recent observation, are on the eve of a general out-break; and

* SUMMER PICTURES FROM COPENHAGEN TO VENICE. By HENRY M. FIELD. 12mo. Pp. 291. New-York: SHELDON AND COMPANY. Boston: GOULD AND LINCOLN.

when the liberals of Europe do rise in their might, the *prestige* of her kings, the traditions of absolutism, and respect for dynasties, will speedily fade away before them.

The allied armies have already gained some advantages, and will doubtless reap more in the early part of the struggle. The victory of Portobello may, as in 1800, be speedily followed by a triumph at Marengo. Garibaldi has boldly carried the war into Lombardy. Kosuth, born by Attila's grave, and in whose veins, say the Austrians, course the ashes of 'the Scourge of God,' is, we are told, about to return to Hungary. The first campaign, while exhausting much of the enthusiasm in the allied cause, and using up the volunteers, will serve only to develop the best fighting qualities of the Austrians. Then we all remember the traditional good fortune of the House of Hapsburgh, and how often at the moment its destruction seemed certain, victorious armies have sprung up, as if from the soil, to battle for its support. As we think of those fields of infantry and torrents of cavalry on the fair plains of Italy, we wish we could see in the future of this struggle more indications of good to Europe. As it is, no one could ever more appropriately say :

'Trust not for freedom to the Franks,
They have a king who buys and sells.'

A C H A R A C T E R .

Why, Sir, he could write pastorals that blew
Sylvan tornadoes ! You could hear the stir
Of wind-swept hare-bells, and the noisy talk
Of lilled rivulets in Arcady !
Or he would paint a village merriment,
With pipe and hautboy, and tall mugs of ale
White on the top, like old gray-headed men —
The rustic VENUS, with distracting eyes,
Flirting with ADON in his Lincoln green.
All this, and more. And then his madrigals,
Antique love-lyrics, melted in the mouth
Like globules of new honey. He was sad,
Moreover, and his funeral phantasies
Were sweet and touching as an infant's grave
By moon-light ! Yet — he was a fiend at heart —
As true a fiend as ever slit a throat,
By a lone road-side in the dead of night,
For a dozen ducats and a carpet-bag.

THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN.

Bursum corda! (Lift up your hearts.)

A FEW days after my arrival, when I was present at one of these dinners of ceremony, which are almost of daily occurrence here in this season, my name was pronounced in a tone of inquiry by the burly Sub-Prefect of the neighboring small town, who was seated at the right of the lady of the chateau. Mme. Laroque, who is liable to such abstraction, forgot that I was not far from her, and, in spite of myself, I did not lose a word of her reply.

‘Good heavens! Don’t mention him! There is some impenetrable mystery. We think he is a prince in disguise. There are so many strolling up and down in the world! This one has every conceivable accomplishment: he rides, he plays the piano, he draws, and all in perfection. Between ourselves, my dear Sub-Prefect, I believe with all my heart he is a very poor bailiff, but he is really a very agreeable man.’

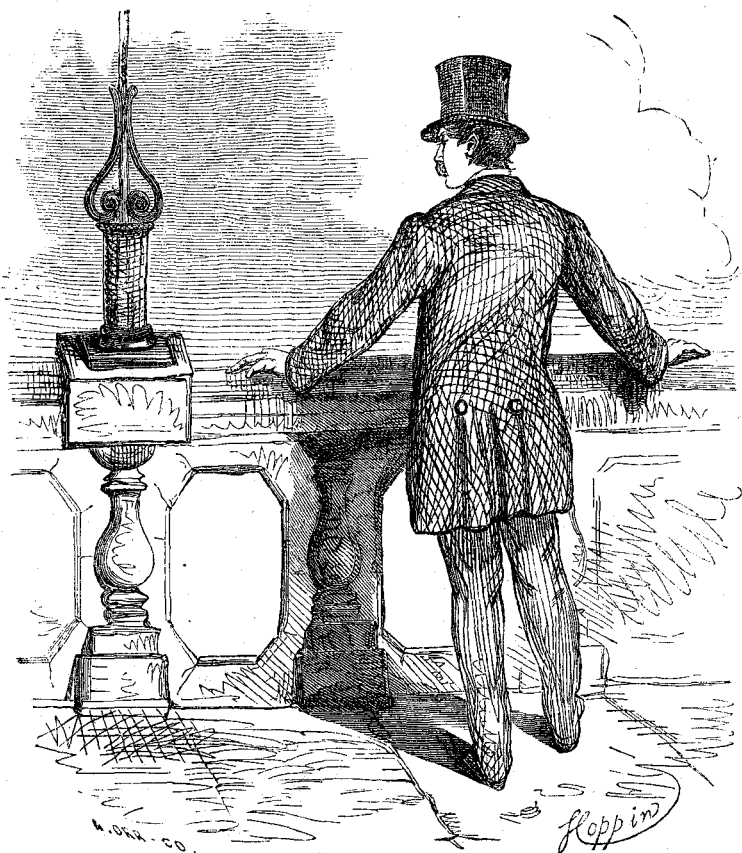
The Sub-Prefect, who is also a very agreeable man, or thinks himself so, which comes to the same thing for his own satisfaction, replied gracefully, caressing his magnificent mustache with one of his plump hands, that there were beautiful eyes enough in the chateau to account for many mysteries; that he strongly suspected the disguised prince of being a lover in disguise, and that, moreover, Love was the legitimate parent of Caprice, and the natural bailiff of the Graces. Then, suddenly changing his tone: ‘For the rest, Madame, if you have the slightest uneasiness as to this individual, I will have him questioned to-morrow by the Brigadier of Gendarmes.’

Mme. Laroque protested against this excess of gallant zeal; and the conversation went no further, as far as concerned me; but it left me much piqued, not at the Sub-Prefect, who, on the contrary, delighted me extremely, but at Mme. Laroque; for, though she did more than justice to my personal qualifications, she did not seem to be duly impressed with my official merits.

It so happened that I had next day to renew the lease of a considerable farm. This business had to be done with a very cunning old peasant, whom I nevertheless contrived to bewilder by a skilful combination of a few legal terms and prudent diplomatical reserve. Our terms agreed upon, the good man quietly laid down three rouleaus of gold coins on my desk. Although the meaning of this payment, which was not due, entirely escaped me, I kept from showing any inconsiderate astonishment; but while opening the rouleaus, I learned



Maxime and Marguerite taking a row up the stream.



Maxime on the bridge of Saints Pères.

by some indirect questions that this sum was the earnest-money of the bargain; in other words, the pot of wine, which it seems the farmers are in the habit of paying their landlord at each renewal of a lease. I had no idea of claiming this earnest-money, having found no mention of it in the former leases, drawn up by my able predecessor, which had served as my model. At the time I drew no conclusion from this incident: but when I went to give Madame Laroque this lucky present, her surprise astonished me. 'What is that?' she asked. I explained to her the nature of the payment. She made me repeat it. 'That is not the custom, is it?' she resumed.

'Yes, Madame, every time you consent to a fresh lease.'

'But there have been more than ten leases renewed, to my knowledge, within these thirty years. How comes it that we have never heard of such a thing?'

'I cannot tell, Madame.'

Mme. Laroque fell into an abyss of thought, at the bottom of which she perhaps encountered the venerable shade of Father Hivart, after which she shrugged her shoulders slightly, looked at me, then at the money, then at me again, and seemed to hesitate. Finally, throwing herself back in her chair, and sighing deeply, she said to me, with a simplicity for which I felt grateful: 'That will do, Sir; I thank you.'

This mark of stupid integrity, about which she had the good taste not to compliment me, nevertheless caused Madame Laroque to form a high idea of the ability and virtues of her bailiff. I could judge of it a few days afterward. Her daughter was reading to her an account of a journey to the Pole, in which an extraordinary bird was mentioned, that does not steal. 'Stop,' she said, 'that is like my bailiff.'

I firmly hope that since that time, by the strict care which I bring to the task I have accepted, I have acquired some title to respect of a less negative kind. M. Laubépin, when I went to Paris lately to embrace my sister, thanked me with much feeling for the honor I had done to the engagements he had accepted for me. 'Courage, Maxime,' he said, 'we shall portion Helen. The poor child will, so to speak, have known nothing. And as for yourself, my friend, I feel no regret. Believe me, you have in yourself the thing most like happiness in this world, and, thank heaven, I see you will always have it; a peaceful conscience, and the strong serenity of a soul wholly devoted to duty.'

The old man is doubtless right. I am calm, but still I scarcely feel happy. There are in my soul, not yet ripe for the austere delight of sacrifice, some outbursts of youth and of despair. My life, unreservedly dedicated and devoted to another life, more feeble and more dear to me than my own, no longer belongs to me: it has no future, it is in a cloister forever closed. My heart must no longer beat, my brain must no longer think, save for another. Only let Helen be happy!

Years are already coming on me ; let them come quickly ! I beseech them to come ; their coldness will strengthen my courage.

For the rest, I cannot complain of a situation, which, in a word, has deceived my most painful fears, and even surpasses my highest hopes. My work, my frequent journeys into the neighboring departments, and my taste for solitude, keep me much away from the chateau, the noisy gatherings at which I especially avoid. Perhaps I owe to the infrequency of my visits good part of the friendly reception I meet with. Mme. Laroque, especially, shows me real affection ; she makes me the confidant of her strange and very sincere chimeras about poverty, about devotedness and poetical self-denial, which contrast amusingly with the manifold precautions of the chilly Creole. Sometimes she envies the gipsy women, carrying their children, dragging a wretched cart along the roads, and cooking their dinner under a hedge ; sometimes it is the Sisters of Charity, and sometimes canteen-women, to whose heroic toils she aspires. Lastly, she does not cease to reproach the late M. Laroque the younger with his admirable health, which never allowed his wife to display that genius for nursing with which she felt her heart surcharged. Still, she has had the fancy, within these few days, to add to her easy chair a kind of nook, shaped like a sentry-box, to protect her from draughts. I found her the other morning triumphantly installed in this kiosk, waiting pleasantly enough for martyrdom.

I have hardly less cause to be satisfied with the other inmates of the chateau. Mlle. Marguerite, always buried like a Nubian sphinx in some unknown dream, nevertheless condescends with thoughtful kindness to repeat for me my favorite airs. She has a beautiful contralto voice, which she manages with consummate skill, but also with a negligence and coldness of manner that one would think was intentional. She does sometimes accidentally let some impassioned notes escape her lips, but she immediately seems humiliated and ashamed at thus forgetting her character or her part, and hastens to return within the bounds of icy correctness.

A few games at piquet, which I have had the easy politeness to lose with M. Laroque, have won me the good graces of the old man, whose looks rest on me sometimes with a perfectly singular degree of attention. One would say that some dream of the past, some fanciful likeness, is half-awakened in the clouds of that wearied memory, on the bosom of which float the confused shadows of a whole century. But they would not return me the money I had lost to him ! It seems that Mme. Aubry, who plays habitually with the old captain, makes no scruple whatever of accepting this restitution as a regular thing, which does not hinder her from frequently winning from the old privateer, with whom she then has noisy disputes.

This lady, whom M. Laubépin treated very gently when he described her merely as an embittered spirit, inspires me with no sympathy. Still, out of respect for the house, I compelled myself to win her goodwill, which I have accomplished by lending a friendly ear, sometimes to her wretched lamentations over her present lot, sometimes to the emphatic description of her past splendor, of her plate, her furniture, her laces and pairs of gloves.

I must own that I am in a good school for learning to despise the property I have lost. Every body here, in fact, preaches me, by their behavior and language, an eloquent sermon on the contempt of riches; first, Mme. Aubury, who may be compared to those shameless gluttons whose disgusting greediness takes away your appetite, and gives you a deep loathing for the dishes of which they boast; then the old man, who is decaying over his millions as sorrowfully as Job on his dung-hill; then this excellent but romantic and used-up woman, who dreams amid her obstinate prosperity of the forbidden fruit of wretchedness; and lastly, the superb Marguerite, who wears the diadem of beauty and wealth, with which heaven has burdened her brow, as if it were a crown of thorns.

Strange girl! Almost every morning, if the weather is fine, I see her pass beneath the windows of my belfry; she salutes me with a grave bow, which sets the black feather in her hat waving, and then disappears slowly down the shaded path which crosses the ruins of the old chateau. Generally old Alain follows her at a little distance; sometimes she has no companion but the huge and faithful Mervyn, who steps out at the side of his fair mistress like a thoughtful bear. With this escort she goes the round of the whole neighboring country, seeking for charitable adventures. She might dispense with any protector; there is not a cottage within six leagues that does not know her, and venerate her as a good fairy. The peasants call her simply 'Mademoiselle,' when they speak of her, as if they were speaking of one of those king's daughters who adorn their legends, and whose beauty, power, and mystery she seems to them to possess.

I try, however, to explain to myself the cloud of gloomy thought which continually overshadows her brow, the haughty and defiant severity of her look, and the bitter dryness of her words. I ask myself, are these the natural features of a curiously compounded character, or the symptoms of some secret trouble, whether remorse, fear, or love, gnawing that noble heart. No matter how disinterested one may be in the case, it is impossible to help feeling a certain curiosity in the presence of so remarkable a person. Yesterday evening, while old Alain, with whom I am a favorite, was waiting on me at my lonely dinner, I said to him: 'Well, Alain, it has been a fine day; have you had a ride to-day?'

‘Yes, Sir, this morning, with Mademoiselle.’

‘Ah! indeed!’

‘Perhaps Monsieur saw us go by?’

‘Possibly, Alain. Yes, I see you go by sometimes. You look well on horseback, Alain.’

‘Monsieur is too kind. Mademoiselle looks better than I do.’

‘She is a very pretty young lady.’

‘Oh! perfect, Sir; and inside as well as outside, like her mother. I will tell Monsieur something. Monsieur knows that this property belonged formerly to the last Count de Castennec, whom I had the honor to serve. When the Laroques bought the chateau, I confess my heart swelled a little, and I hesitated about staying in the house. I had been brought up with a respect for the nobility, and it cost me a great deal to serve people of no birth. Monsieur may have noticed that I feel a particular pleasure in discharging my duty towards him; it is because I think Monsieur has the ways of a gentleman. Are you quite sure you are not of a noble family, Sir?’

‘I fear I am, my poor Alain.’

‘However, as I was going to tell Monsieur,’ Alain resumed, with a graceful bow, ‘I have learned in the service of these ladies that the nobility of the feelings is as good as the other kind, particularly that of M. le Comte de Castennec, who had a weakness for beating his servants. Still, sir, I say it’s a pity Mademoiselle doesn’t marry a gentleman of good name. Nothing more would be needed to make her perfect.’

‘But it seems to me, Alain, that it depends only on herself.’

‘If Monsieur refers to M. de Bévallan, it really does depend only on herself, for he asked her in marriage six months ago. Madame did not seem much opposed to the marriage, and in fact M. de Bévallan is the richest man in this neighborhood, next to the Laroques; but Mademoiselle, without giving a positive answer, wished to take time to think over it.’

‘But if she loves M. de Bévallan, and can marry him when she pleases, why is she always so sad and abstracted as we see her?’

‘It is a fact, Sir, that Mademoiselle is entirely changed these two or three years. Formerly she was as gay as a bird, and now one would say something is worrying her; but I may say respectfully, that I do n’t think it is love for that gentleman.’

‘You do n’t seem too fond of M. de Bévallan yourself, my good Alain. And yet he is of a good noble family —’

‘That does n’t hinder him from being a rascal, and spending his time in seducing the country girls. And if Monsieur has eyes, he may see that he would n’t mind playing the Sultan in the chateau, in default of any thing better.’

There was a pause of silence; after which Alain continued: 'Pity Monsieur has n't a hundred thousand a year.'

'Why so, Alain?'

'Because——' said Alain, tossing his head thoughtfully.

July 25th.

IN the course of the month which has just passed, I have made one friend, and, I think, two enemies. The enemies are Mlle. Marguerite, and Mlle. Héloûin. The friend is an old maid, eighty-eight years old. I fear she is not a compensation.

Mlle. Héloûin, with whom I will settle accounts first, is an ungrateful person. My alleged wrongs to her ought rather to recommend me to her esteem; but she seems to be one of those women who are pretty common in the world, who do not count esteem in the number of the feelings which they care either to inspire or to feel. From the very beginning of my life here, a kind of similarity between the fortunes of the governess and the bailiff, the modest position we each hold in the chateau, had impelled me to form relations of affectionate kindness with Mlle. Héloûin. At all times, I have made it a point to show the interest in these poor girls, which their thankless task, and their precarious situation, at once humiliated and without a future, seem to me to bespeak for them. Mlle. Héloûin is moreover, pretty, intelligent, and accomplished; and, though she spoils it all somewhat by the nervous vivacity of her manner, feverish coquettishness, and slight pedantry, which are the usual mistakes of her situation, I had but little merit, I own, in playing the chivalrous part toward her which I had assigned myself. This part assumed the character of a kind of duty in my eyes, when I perceived, as several warnings had previously suggested to me, that a devouring lion, with the features of king Francis the First, was furtively roaming about my young *protégée*. This duplicity, which does credit to M. de Bévallan's boldness, is carried on under color of friendly familiarity, with a policy and coolness which easily deceive unobservant or unsuspecting eyes. Mme. Laroque and her daughter, especially, are too much strangers to the perversity of the world, and live too far from any reality to feel the shadow of suspicion. As for myself, who am greatly irritated at this insatiable eater of hearts, I took pleasure in spoiling his plans; more than once I have attracted the attention which he sought to appropriate; and I have particularly taken pains to lessen in Mlle. Héloûin's breast that feeling of neglect and isolation, which in general gives so great an advantage to the style of consolation offered her. Have I ever, in the course of this ill-advised contest, gone beyond the delicate bounds of brotherly protection? I do not think so; and the very terms of the short dialogue which has suddenly changed the character of our intercourse,

seem to speak in favor of my reserve. One evening last week we were all taking the fresh air on the terrace. Mlle. Héloûin, to whom it happened that I had occasion to show some particular attention during the day, took my arm gently, and, picking to pieces an orange-flower with her delicate white teeth, said to me, with a little emotion in her voice: 'You are kind, Monsieur Maxime.'

'I try to be, Mademoiselle.'

'You are a true friend.'

'Yes.'

'But what sort of a friend?'

'A true one, as you have said.'

'A friend who loves me?'

'Doubtless.'

'Much?'

'Certainly.'

'Passionately?'

'No.'

At this monosyllable, which I pronounced very distinctly, and followed up by a firm look, Mlle. Héloûin impetuously threw away the orange-flower, and left my arm. Since that unlucky hour, I have been treated with a disdain, which I have not come by dishonestly, and I should most assuredly believe that friendship between the sexes is a delusive feeling, had I not received the very next day a kind of set-off against my mishap.

I had gone to spend the evening at the chateau; two or three families, who had come for a fortnight's visit, had gone away in the morning. I found there none but habitual guests, the curé, the collector, and Doctor Desmarests; and, lastly, General de Saint Cast and his wife, who, like the doctor, live in the adjoining small town. Mme. de Saint Cast, who appears to have brought her husband a handsome fortune, was engaged in lively conversation with Mme. Aubry when I entered. These two ladies understood each other perfectly, as usual; they were celebrating, each in her turn, like two shepherds in a pastoral poem, the incomparable advantage of riches, in language in which elegance of expression vied with elevation of thought. 'You are quite right,' said Mme. Aubry, 'there is but one thing in the world, and that is, to be rich. When I was rich, I despised with all my heart those who were not, and so I find it quite natural now that I should be despised, and I do not complain of it.'

'You are not despised for it, Madame,' returned Mme. de Saint Cast, 'certainly not, Madame; but it is a fact that it makes a tremendous difference whether one is rich or not. The General there knows something about it; he had positively nothing when I married him,

except his sword, and a sword does n't put butter in one's soup, does it, Madame ?'

'No, no, indeed, Madame,' cried Mme. Aubry, applauding this bold metaphor. 'Honor and glory are all very fine in romances; but I prefer a good carriage, do n't you, Madame?'

'Yes, certainly, Madame; that's what I was telling the General this morning as we were on our way here; eh! General?'

'H'm!' grunted the General, who was playing dismally in a corner with the old privateer.

'You had nothing when I married you, General,' Mme. de Saint Cast continued; 'you do n't think of denying it, I hope?'

'You've said so already!' the General muttered.

'That does n't alter the fact that but for me you would have to go afoot, General, which would not be pleasant with your wounds. You could n't ride in your carriage with your pension of six or seven thousand francs, my friend. I told him so this morning, Madame, speaking of our new carriage, which is as easy as it is possible for a carriage to be. I paid for it handsomely, though; it makes four thousand good francs less in my purse, Madame!'

'I can easily believe it, Madame! My best carriage cost me full five thousand, reckoning in the tiger-skin for the feet, which was worth five hundred by itself.'

'I have been obliged to be a little economical about mine,' returned Mme. de Saint Caste, 'for I have just been re-furnishing my drawing-room, and for carpet and hangings alone it stands me in fifteen thousand francs. That's too good for a hole in the Provinces, you'll tell me, and it's quite true. But the whole town is on its knees before it, and one likes to be respected: is n't it so, Madame?'

'No doubt one likes to be respected, Madame,' Mme. Aubry replied, 'and one is only respected in proportion to one's money. For my part, I console myself for being no longer respected, by thinking that if I were again what I once was, I should see the people who despise me, at my feet.'

'Except me, damn it!' cried Doctor Desmarets, rising suddenly. 'You might have a hundred millions a year, and you would n't see me at your feet, I give you my word of honor. And so I shall go out into the fresh air, for devil take me if I can breathe here any longer.'

And the worthy Doctor left the room, taking with him my heartfelt gratitude, for he had done me a real service, by comforting my heart, overburdened with indignation and disgust.

Although M. Desmarets is established in the house on the footing of a Saint John Chrysostom, and allowed the greatest freedom of speech, his exclamation was too spirited not to cause the company a feeling

of uneasiness, which resulted in an embarrassed silence. Mme. Laroque broke it skilfully, by asking her daughter if it had struck eight.

‘No, mother,’ Mlle. Marguerite replied, ‘for Mlle. de Porhoët has not come yet.’

A moment afterwards, as the clock was on the point of striking, the door opened, and Mlle. Jocelynde de Porhoët-Gaël, leaning on Doctor Desmarets’ arm, entered the room with astronomical punctuality.

Mlle. de Porhoët-Gaël, who has this year seen her eighty-eighth spring, and looks like a reed preserved in silk, is the last scion of a very noble race, whose earliest ancestors are thought to be discovered among the fabled kings of ancient Armorica. Still the family does not occupy a serious footing in history until the twelfth century, in the person of Juthaël, son of Conan le Tort, issue of the younger branch of the house of Brittany. Some drops of the blood of the Porhoëts have flowed in the most illustrious veins of France, in the Rohans, the Lusignans, the Penthièvres; and these great lords admitted that it was not the least pure of their blood. I remember, when studying one day, in a fit of youthful vanity, the history of the alliances of my family, that I noticed this queer name Porhoët, and that my father, who was very learned in such matters, was very proud of it. Mlle. de Porhoët, now the only one left of her name, would never marry, that she might so preserve as long as possible in the firmament of French nobility the constellation of these magic syllables, Porhoët-Gaël. It chanced that one day some one was speaking in her presence of the house of Bourbon. ‘The Bourbons,’ said Mlle. Porhoët, plunging her knitting-needle several times into her white wig, ‘the Bourbons are a good, noble family; but’ (suddenly assuming an air of modesty) ‘there are better!’

It is impossible, however, not to do homage to this august old lady, who wears with unexampled dignity the three-fold burdensome majesty of birth, age, and misfortune. An unhappy law-suit, which she has obstinately carried on out of France for fifteen years, has gradually reduced her already very slender fortune; probably she scarcely has an income of a thousand francs left. This distress has taken away nothing from her pride, added nothing of ill-temper; she is cheerful, equable, and courteous; she lives, no one knows how, in her cottage with a small servant, and yet finds means to give a good deal in alms. Mme. Laroque and her daughter have formed an attachment to their noble and poor neighbor, which does them honor; she is in their house the object of an attentive respect, which confounds Mme. Aubry. I have often seen Mlle. Marguerite leave the liveliest dance to make the fourth at Mlle. de Porhoët’s game at whist; if Mlle. de Porhoët should miss her whist (five centimes points) for a single day, the world would come to an end. I am myself one

of the old lady's favorite partners, and, on the evening of which I speak, we were not long, the curé, the doctor, and I, before we were seated round the whist-table, opposite, and on each side of the descendant of Conan le Tort.

It is needful to state, that at the beginning of the last century a great-uncle of Mlle. de Porhoët, who was attached to the household of the Duke of Anjou, crossed the Pyrenees in the retinue of the young Prince, afterwards Philip the Fifth, and formed in Spain a prosperous establishment. His direct descendants appear to have become extinct fifteen years ago, and Mlle. de Porhoët, who had never lost sight of her ultramontane relatives, at once declared herself the heir-ess of their property, which is said to be considerable. Her rights were contested, too justly, by one of the oldest houses of Castile, allied to the Spanish branch of the Porhoët family. Thence arose the suit which the unlucky octogenarian prosecutes at great expense from court to court with a perseverance bordering on madness, which causes grief to her friends, and amusement to the indifferent. Doctor Desmarets, in spite of the respect which he professes for Mlle. de Porhoët, does not fail to make common cause himself with the laughers, all the more so that he decidedly disapproves of the use to which the poor woman in fancy devotes her chimerical inheritance, namely, the erection, in the neighboring town, of a cathedral in the finest flamboyant style, which is to disseminate to the end of ages yet to come, the name of the founder, and of a great and vanished race. This cathedral, a dream engrafted on a dream, is the harmless plaything of this aged child. She has had plans drawn for it; she spends her days and sometimes her nights in contemplating its glories, in changing its arrangement by the addition of some ornaments; and she speaks of it as of a building already erected and fit for use:

'I was in the nave of my cathedral; I have noticed something very unbecoming in the north aisle of my cathedral; I have changed the dress of the Swiss,' etc.

'Well, Mademoiselle,' said the Doctor, while shuffling the cards, 'have you been at work on your cathedral since yesterday?'

'Yes, Doctor. I have even hit upon a very happy idea. I have replaced the dead-wall separating the choir from the vestry, by foliage of carved stone, in imitation of the Clisson Chapel in the church at Josselin. It has a much lighter effect.'

'Yes, to be sure; but what news from Spain, in the mean time? Ah! is it true, as I think I saw in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* this morning, that the young Duke de Villa Hermosa makes you an offer of marriage, by way of settling the suit amicably?'

Mlle. de Porhoët shook, with a disdainful toss of the head, the faded ribbons which stream over her cap, and said: 'I should refuse it flatly.'

‘Oh! yes, you say so, Mademoiselle; but what is the meaning of that sound of a guitar that has been heard several nights under your windows?’

‘Pooh!’

‘Pooh? And that Spaniard in a cloak and yellow boots, who is seen roaming about the neighborhood, and is always sighing?’

‘You are humorous,’ said Mlle. de Porhoët, calmly opening her snuff-box. ‘But if you wish to know, my lawyer wrote to me two days since, from Madrid, that with a little patience we shall no doubt see the end of our troubles.’

‘I think so, indeed! Do you know where he comes from, this lawyer of yours? From Gil Blas’ cave, direct. He will take your last crown from you, and then laugh at you. Ah! if you would only consent just to bury this mad idea, and live in peace! What good would millions do you, come? Are you not happy and respected, and what more do you want? As for your cathedral, I don’t speak of it, because it’s nothing but a bad joke.’

‘My cathedral is a bad joke only in the judgment of bad jokers, Doctor Desmarets; besides, I am defending my right, and fighting for justice; this property belongs to me, I have heard my father say so a hundred times, and it shall never, with my consent, go to people who are really just as much strangers to my family as you, my dear friend, or as Monsieur,’ she added, nodding at me.

I was childish enough to be piqued at the compliment, and at once rejoined: ‘As far as concerns me, Mademoiselle, you are mistaken, for my family has had the honor of being allied to yours, and yours to mine.’

On hearing these audacious words, Mlle. de Porhoët instinctively carried to her pointed chin the cards which were spread like a fan in her hand, and drawing up her thin figure, first looked into my face as if to assure herself of my sanity, then by a superhuman effort regained her composure, and lifting a pinch of Spanish snuff to her nose, said: ‘You will prove that to me, young man.’

Ashamed of my absurd boast, and much embarrassed by the looks of curiosity which she had drawn down on me, I bowed awkwardly without replying. Our whist was finished in gloomy silence. It was ten o’clock, and I was preparing to escape, when Mlle. de Porhoët touched my arm: ‘Will Monsieur the bailiff,’ she said, ‘do me the honor to accompany me to the end of the avenue?’

I bowed again once more, and followed her.

July 25th.

WE soon found ourselves in the park. The little servant, in the costume of the country, walked in advance, carrying a lantern; then Mlle. de Porhoët, stiff and silent, holding up in a careful and becom-

ing manner the scanty folds of her silken sheath : she had drily refused the offer of an arm ; and I walked on at her side, my head drooping, and much dissatisfied with myself. At the expiration of a few minutes of this funeral march, the old lady said to me : ' Well, Sir, speak, I am waiting. You said that my family was allied to yours, and as an alliance of that kind is an entirely new point in history to me, I shall be much obliged to you if you will be kind enough to clear it up for me.'

I had in secret decided, that I ought at any cost to keep the secret of my incognito. ' Indeed, Mademoiselle,' I said, ' I venture to hope you will overlook a joke, which escaped me in the course of conversation.'

' A joke,' cried Mlle. de Porhoët. ' A fine subject for jokes, indeed. And what name do you give now-a-days, Sir, to jokes courageously levelled at an unprotected old woman, jokes which you would not venture on to a man ?'

' Mademoiselle, you leave me no possibility of retreating ; it only remains for me now to trust myself to your discretion. I do not know, Mademoiselle, if the name Champcey d'Hauterive is known to you.'

" I am perfectly acquainted, Sir, with the Champcey d'Hauterives, who are a good, nay, an excellent Dauphiné family. How does that bear on the case ?'

' I am at this moment the representative of that family.'

' You !' said Mlle. de Porhoët, coming to a sudden halt ; ' you a Champcey d'Hauterive ?'

' Yes, Mademoiselle.'

' This alters the case,' said she ; ' give me your arm, cousin, and tell me your history.'

I thought it best, in this state of things, just to hide nothing from her. I was ending the painful account of the disasters of my family, when we came before a singularly narrow, low cottage, flanked at one corner by a sort of ruinous tower with pointed roof. ' Come in, Marquis,' said the daughter of the kings of Gaël, stopping on the threshold of her sorry palace ; ' come in, I beg.' A moment afterwards I was ushered into a little, dismal parlor, with a brick floor ; on the pale tapestry which covered the walls were crowded together half-a-score portraits of her ancestors, robed in ducal ermine ; above the mantle-piece sparkled a magnificent time-piece, made of tortoise-shell, inlaid with copper, and surmounted by a group representing the Chariot of the Sun. A few oval-backed arm-chairs, and an old sofa with rickety legs, completed the decoration of the room, in which every thing betokened a severe propriety, and you smelt a powerful odor of iris, Spanish snuff, and sundry other perfumes.

‘Sit down,’ said the old lady, taking a seat herself on the sofa; ‘sit down, cousin; for though in reality we are not related, and can not be so, as Jeanne de Porhoët and Hugues de Champcey, between ourselves, were foolish enough to have no issue, it will be agreeable for me, with your leave, to treat you as a cousin when we are alone, that I may for a moment cheat the painful feeling of my present loneliness. So then, cousin, your position is as you have told me; it is a hard pass, assuredly. Still I will suggest to you a few thoughts which have become habitual with me, and seem to me of a kind to offer you sterling comfort. In the first place, my dear Marquis, I often say to myself, that in the midst of these ignoramuses and old servants whom we see now-a-days riding in their carriages, poverty has an odor of distinction and good taste.

‘Besides, I am not far from believing that God has intentionally reduced some of us to straitened circumstances, that this gross, material, gold-seeking age may always have before it, in our persons, a style of worth, dignity, and renown, which owes nothing to gold and material things, which nothing can purchase, which can not be sold! To all appearance, cousin, that is the providential account of your position and mine.’

I testified to Mlle. de Porhoët all the pride I felt at having been chosen along with her to give the world the noble lesson which it needs, and by which it seems so little disposed to profit. Then she resumed: ‘For my own part, Sir, I am formed for poverty, I suffer little from it; when one has seen, in the course of a life too long protracted, a father worthy of his name, and four brothers, worthy of their father, fall before their time by the bullet or the steel; when one has seen all the objects of one’s affection and devotion perish one after the other; one must needs have a very little soul to be anxious about the plenteousness of the table or the newness of one’s dress. Certainly, Marquis, if my personal comfort were alone concerned, you may believe that I should care but little for my Spanish millions; but it seems to me proper, and setting a good example, that a family like mine should not disappear from the earth, without leaving behind it some lasting trace, some striking monument, of its greatness and its faith. Therefore, in imitation of some of my ancestors, cousin, I have formed the idea, and will never renounce it while I live, of the pious foundation of which you have certainly heard!’

After assuring herself of my assent, the old and noble lady seemed wrapped in contemplation, and, while she cast a melancholy glance over the half-effaced portraits of her ancestors, the hereditary time-piece alone broke the mid-night stillness of the dimly-lighted room.

‘There will be,’ Mlle. de Porhoët suddenly resumed, ‘a chapter of

regular canons attached to the service of this church. Every day, in the private chapel of my family, low mass will be said for the repose of my soul, and of the souls of my ancestors. The feet of the officiating priest will tread on a nameless stone, which will form the step before the altar, and will cover my remains.'

I bowed with an emotion of visible respect. Mlle. de Porhoët took my hand and pressed it gently: 'I am not mad, cousin,' she said, 'whatever they may say. My father, who never told me a lie, always assured me that, on the direct descent of our Spanish branch becoming extinct, we alone should have a right to the inheritance; his sudden violent death unhappily did not permit him to give us more exact information on the matter; but not being able to doubt his word, I do not doubt my right. Still,' she added after a pause, and in a tone of touching sadness, 'if I am not mad, I am old, and those people yonder know it well. They have dragged on my case for fifteen years, with all sorts of delays; they are waiting for my death, which will end it all. And you see they will not have long to wait; one of these days, I shall have, I feel, to hear mass for the last time. This poor cathedral, my only love, which had supplied the place in my heart of so many destroyed or crushed affections—it will never have but one stone, and that my tomb-stone.'

The old lady was silent. She wiped away with her emaciated hands two tears which were trickling down her withered cheeks, and then added, with a forced smile: 'Forgive me, cousin; you have plenty of troubles of your own. Excuse it. Beside, it is late; go home, you will compromise me.'

Before going, I once more recommended to Mlle. de Porhoët's discreetness the secret which I have been forced to confide to her. She answered me somewhat evasively, that I might make myself easy, she would know how to secure my peace and dignity. Still, in a few days I suspected, by the redoubled attention with which Mme. Laroque honored me, that my worthy friend had repeated my communication to her. Mlle. de Porhoët, in fact, did not hesitate to own it, assuring me that she could do no less for the honor of her family, and that Mme. Laroque was, besides, incapable of betraying, even to her daughter, a secret intrusted to her delicacy.

Still my conversation with the aged lady had left me penetrated with a tender respect, of which I tried to give her proof. The very next evening, I applied all the resources of my pencil to the interior and exterior decoration of her dear cathedral. This attention, to which she showed herself sensible, has gradually assumed the regularity of a habit. Almost every evening, after our whist, I set to work, and the ideal building is enriched with a statue, a pulpit, or a gallery.

Mlle. Marguerite, who seems to pay her neighbor a kind of worship, has been pleased to join in my labor of love, by devoting to the temple of the Porhoëts a special sketch-book which I am to fill.

I further offered my old acquaintance to take my share in the proceedings, researches, and cares of all kinds, which her lawsuit may cause her. The poor woman owned that I did her a service; that, though she still could keep up her correspondence, her weak eye-sight refused to decipher the manuscripts in her collection of documents, and that she had never been willing hitherto to get any help in her work, however important it might be to her case, for fear of giving a fresh handle to the uncivil jokes of the neighbors. In short, she accepts my advice and coöperation. Since then, I have conscientiously studied the voluminous papers in her suit, and remain convinced that the affair, which will be tried some day soon on final appeal, is positively lost already. M. Laubépin, whom I have consulted, shares my opinion, which, however, I shall try to keep from my old friend as long as circumstances will allow. Meantime, I do her a pleasure by ransacking her family archives, in which she is always hoping to find some decisive title in her favor. Unhappily, these archives are very rich, and the little tower is filled with them from roof to cellar.

Yesterday, I went early to Mlle. de Porhoët's, that I might finish before breakfast the examination of bundle Number 115, which I had begun the day before. The mistress of the house not having yet risen, I installed myself quietly in the parlor, with the connivance of the small servant, and set solitarily to my dusty task. After about an hour, as I was perusing with extreme delight the last folio of bundle 115, I saw Mlle. de Porhoët come in, with difficulty dragging along an enormous packet, very neatly covered with white linen. 'Good morning, my good cousin,' she said. 'Learning that you were giving yourself some trouble this morning on my account, I wished to give myself some on yours. Here I bring you bundle 116.'

There is a story somewhere in which an unhappy princess is locked up in a tower, and a fairy, who is a foe to her family, sets her an endless series of out-of-the-way impossible tasks: and I own that just then, in spite of all her virtues, Mlle. de Porhoët seemed to me a near relation of that fairy.

'I dreamed last night,' she continued, 'that this bundle contained the key to my Spanish treasure. You will therefore oblige me greatly by not delaying the examination of it. This labor over, you will do me the honor to partake of a modest repast which I wish to offer you under the shade of my arbor.'

Accordingly I resigned myself to my fate.

It is needless to say that the lucky bundle 116 contained, like the former ones, nothing but the idle dust of ages. Precisely at noon, the

old lady came to offer me her arm, and led me ceremoniously into a little garden trimmed with box, which forms, with a piece of adjoining meadow-land, all the present domains of the Porhoëts. The table was set under a bower of hornbeams, and the sun of a fine summer's day cast through the leaves a few rainbow-tinted rays on the shining and perfumed table-cloth. I was finishing doing honor to the poulet doré, the fresh salad, and the bottle of old Bordeaux which formed the bill of fare of the banquet, when Mlle. de Porhoët, who seemed delighted with my appetite, turned the conversation to the Laroque family.

'I confess,' she said, 'that the old privateer does not please me at all. I remember when he came here he had a large pet ape, whom he dressed up as a servant, and with whom he seemed to have a perfect understanding. The animal was a real pest in the village, and none but a man of no education or decency could have been so wrapped up in it. They said it was an ape, and I assented; but I really think it was nothing but a negro, all the more as I always suspected his master of having dealt in that commodity on the coast of Africa. The late M. Laroque the younger, however, was a good man, and quite a gentleman. As for the ladies, speaking of course of Mme. Laroque and her daughter, and by no means of the widow Aubry, who is a creature of mean condition; as for the ladies, I say, there is no praise they do not deserve.'

We were at this point when the stately step of a horse was heard in the path which skirts the outer side of the garden-wall. At the same moment, several smart taps were struck on a little door near the arbor.

'Well!' said Mlle. de Porhoët, 'who's there?'

I raised my eyes, and saw a black feather waving over the top of the wall.

'Open!' cried gayly a rich musical voice: 'open, it is the fortune of France!'

'What! is it you, my darling?' cried the old lady. 'Run quickly, cousin.'

In opening the door, I was almost knocked down by Mervyn, who rushed between my legs, and I saw Mlle. Marguerite busy tying the bridle of her horse to the rail of a fence.

'Good morning, sir,' she said, without showing the least surprise at finding me there. Then gathering over her arm the long folds of her riding-habit, she walked into the garden.

'Welcome this beautiful day, my beautiful child,' said Mlle. de Porhoët; 'embrace me. You have been galloping, you young mad-cap; your face is all over a bright purple, and your eyes absolutely flash fire. What can I offer you, my love?'

'Let us see,' said Mlle. Marguerite, giving a glance at the table;

‘what have you there? Has Monsieur eaten every thing? But I’m not hungry, only thirsty.’

‘I certainly shall forbid you drinking in the state you are in; but stop, there are still a few strawberries in that bed.’

‘Strawberries! *O gioia!*’ the young girl cried. ‘Take one of these large leaves quickly, sir, and come with me.’

While I was selecting the largest leaf from a fig-tree, Mlle. de Porhoët half-shut one eye, and with the other followed, with a smile of delight, the proud walk of her favorite down the sun-lit paths.

‘Look at her, cousin,’ she whispered to me; ‘would she not be worthy to be one of us?’

Meanwhile Mlle. Marguerite, stooping over the strawberry-bed, and stumbling at every step on her habit, greeted with a little shout of joy each strawberry as she discovered it. I kept near her, holding the fig-leaf spread out in my hand; and from time to time she would drop into it one strawberry for two which she munched by way of gaining patience. When the harvest was sufficient for her taste, we returned in triumph to the arbor, and what remained of the strawberries was powdered with sugar, and then eaten by the prettiest of pretty teeth.

‘Ah! that does me good!’ said Mlle. Marguerite when she had finished, and threw her hat on a bench, and leaned back against the hornbeam hedge. ‘And now, to make my happiness complete, my dear lady, won’t you tell me some stories of the past, of the time when you were a fair warrior?’

Mlle. de Porhoët, smiling with delight, needed no further entreaty, but drew from her memory the most striking episodes in her bold forays under the Lescures and the Larochejaquelins. I had here a fresh proof of my aged friend’s loftiness of soul, when I heard her pay a passing homage to all the heroes of those gigantic struggles, without distinction of standard. She spoke of General Hoche, especially, whose prisoner of war she had been, with an almost tender admiration. Mlle. Marguerite lent a passionate attention to these stories, that astonished me. Now half-buried in her niche of hornbeam, and her long lashes drooping a little, she showed the immovable repose of a statue; then, as the interest became keener, she leaned her elbows on the little table, and thrusting her fair hand into the waves of her loosened hair, she darted at the old Vendéan the continuous lightning of her looks. I must certainly say that I shall always count among the pleasantest hours in my sorrowful life, those which I spent in watching the reflection of a radiant sky, mingled in that noble countenance with the feelings of a courageous heart.

The story-teller having finished her narration, Mlle. Marguerite embraced her, and waking Mervyn, who was asleep at her feet, she said

she was going back to the chateau. I made no scruple of leaving at the same time, being convinced that I could cause her no annoyance. For apart from the extreme insignificance in the eyes of the rich heiress, both of myself and of my company, a *tête-à-tête* conversation usually is no discomfort to her, her mother having resolutely given her the liberal education which she herself received in one of the British colonies: for the English custom, as is well known, allows women before marriage all the liberty which we sagely grant them from the day when any abuse of it becomes irreparable.

We left the garden together, then; I held the stirrup while she mounted her horse, and we set out for the chateau. After a few paces, she said to me: 'Upon my word, sir, I fancy I disturbed you yonder very unluckily. You were getting on charmingly.'

'It is true, Mademoiselle; but as I had been there a long time, I forgive you, and even thank you.'

'You are very attentive to our poor neighbor. My mother is very grateful to you for it.'

'And your mother's daughter?' said I, laughing.

'Oh! I am not so easily moved. If you want me to admire you, you must have the goodness to wait a little longer first. I am not in the habit of judging lightly of human actions, which generally have two faces. I confess, your conduct towards Mlle. de Porboët looks well, but—' Here she paused, tossed her head, and continued in a serious, bitter, thoroughly insulting tone. 'But I am not quite sure that you are not paying your court to her in the hope of becoming her heir.'

I felt that I turned pale. Still reflecting on the absurdity of answering this young girl in a hectoring style, I restrained myself and said to her gravely: 'Allow me, Mademoiselle, sincerely to pity you.'

She seemed much surprised. 'To pity me, Sir?'

'Yes, Mademoiselle, allow me to express the respectful pity to which you seem to me to be entitled.'

'Pity!' she said, stopping her horse, and turning toward me her eyes half-shut in disdain. 'You have the advantage of me, for I do not understand you.'

'Yet it is very simple, Mademoiselle: if the loss of faith in goodness, if doubt and deadness of soul, are the bitterest fruits of a long life's experience, nothing in the world deserves more compassion than a heart that is withered by mistrust before it has lived.'

'Sir,' replied Mlle. Larouque, with a vivacity far removed from her ordinary way of speaking, 'you do not know what you are talking about! And,' she added, more sternly, 'you forget to whom you are speaking!'

'True, Mademoiselle,' I replied quietly, with a bow; 'I am speaking

somewhat without knowledge, and I am forgetting somewhat to whom I speak ; but you set me the example.'

Mlle. Margu rite, with her eyes fixed on the tops of the trees that skirted the road, returned with ironical haughtiness : 'Must I ask your pardon ?'

'Certainly, Mademoiselle,' I replied firmly, 'if one of us two had pardon to ask of the other, it would be you ; you are rich, and I am poor ; you can lower yourself, I cannot !'

There was a silence. Her compressed lips, her distended nostrils, a sudden paleness on her forehead, proved the combat that was raging within her. Suddenly lowering her whip as if for a salute — 'Very well !' she said, 'pardon !' And immediately she gave her horse a fierce cut with the whip, and set off at a gallop, leaving me in the middle of the road.

I have not seen her since.

T H E L A R K .

Up springs the lark at early morn ;
And, as she soars, her clear shrill song
Is heard upon the dewy air,
In mellowed notes, both rich and rare.

Up, up she darts, until each note
From her sweet warbling tiny throat
Is heard no more, as coursing high,
She seems a speck upon the sky.

And now from hearing and from sight
She roves alone in pure delight :
Chaste emblem of the spirits true,
Who yet their SAVIOUR'S form shall view !

Sing on, sweet bird ! fly higher still,
And with thy song the angels fill ;
For notes like thine, so pure and sweet,
E'en angels may with fondness greet.

And now descend with airy grace
From yonder distant roseate space,
And we will welcome thee in love,
As dew from fairest skies above.

DEIPNOLOGICA VARIOS A.

A GREAT many years ago, when, like Mr. Halleck's Fanny—who must be, if surviving, a positive Sarah of longevity, and like many gentlemen who were my contemporaries in my primitive baldness and toothlessness—I was younger than I am now, and perhaps prettier, my eating was made a part of my moral education: by which I am very far from meaning to say, that any Brillat-Savarin moulded my inchoate palate, or guided my infant gusto. The reader, if his memory of juvenile experiences be reasonably good, will remember several dietetic abominations, which are the peculiar pride of New-England tables; and which, having come into high fashion in those dreary Pilgrim days, when there was nothing else to eat, have been eaten traditionally and from a sense of duty ever since, and not in the least from relish, or the satisfaction which they afford to the inexperienced.

There was at least a propriety in eating pork in default of beef; and the Pythagorean beans, when green peas were wanting; or potatoes, if one could get no cauliflowers; or salt cod, well flooded with the essential oil of pig, if one could compass no provent more salutary or savory; or in drinking sour cider in the absence of Haut Barsac, or St. Julien Medoc. Dwelling among savages, this band of exiles, after they had moored their bark on the wild New-England shore, and had performed the proper devotional exercises, however high their previous taste, were obliged to eat as the savages around them did; and thus to expose themselves to fearful attacks of gripes, and a general disarrangement of that 'raging canawl,' scientifically known as the alimentary, by devouring quantities of the *sickishuog*, or clam, which the ALL-WISE undoubtedly meant for fish-bait, as he meant oats for 'horses and Scotchmen;' or of green corn, which will do occasionally, when the Asiatic cholera is not imminent; or of fish, which must be cured, and is spoiled in the curing. I wish it to be distinctly understood, that I do not blame the Puritans for eating of these things, when they had Hobson's choice only; but why it should be thought necessary to celebrate the Lord's Day by the weekly devouring of these dainties; why persons of wealth should deem it a religious duty to charge themselves with fish-balls well wadded in with chunks of brown-bread, in these times of tender chops and savory steaks; why they stick by beans, which do so fearfully stick by them, with 'the finest market in the world'—I refer to that less imaginatively known as 'Funnel,' and occasionally spoken of as 'Old Funnel,' as if it were a miracle of antiquity—is what I do not comprehend. But I do not find it so difficult to understand the fierce wrath of the Puritan soul, and the turbulent

stomach, when rumor came of the riotous doings of Squire Thomas Morton, formerly of Furnival's Inn, and afterward of Mount Wollaston, otherwise called *Mare-Mount*, or Merry-Mount,* and then Mount Dagon. I can imagine the indignation of some saintly but still human Puritan, who had not had a drop of comfortable strong waters for a month, when he heard of the roysterings and revels of the jolly dwellers upon that delectable mountain. The May-pole did not, of course, have a depressing effect upon his gorge; but when he was told of 'ten pound worth of wine and spirits in the morning,' the news was too much for his hissing-hot stomach. So the jovial Thomas was first 'set in the bilbous, and after sent prisoner to England,' where he drank *Rosa Solis* with Ben Jonson, and consoled himself, as so many unhappy gentlemen have done, by writing a wrathful little book called 'The New Canaan,' which, in its coat of rusty black, I have seen reposing in its old age upon the shelves of an eminent statesman, who treated it with more respect than he bestowed upon many a stately folio — causing it to be continually dusted with great tenderness, and to be sedulously protected from the mauraundings of moths, and the light fingers of bibliomaniacs. Nor does it seem that our Puritan friends, whenever there happened to be policy in it, disdained to do as Master Morton did; and with profound philosophy, to find the Indian heart through the Indian stomach; the favor of many a truculent warrior being secured by judicious presents of tobacco, of beer, and of mugs from which to drink it. In this way was the Sachem Chickatabot partially disarmed; and when the advantage was followed up by a present of pantaloons made after the English fashion, the stern warrior at once joined the Peace Society, or at least contented himself with scalping his rival red-skins, who had shown themselves proof against the blandishments of British breeches. Unfortunately Mr. Thomas Morton mixed gunpowder with his donative rum; an operation which is traditionally declared to have had a marvellously encouraging effect upon the brave tars of the frigate 'Constitution,' but which, however excellent the ingredients, could not have rendered the Massachusetts aborigines particularly pleasant neighbors.

The truth is, your Englishman has a natural, although I admit a not over-delicate appreciation of creature comfort, and goes about the world conquering and to conquer, with a sword in one hand, a spit in the other, and the formula in his pocket for melted butter — that sole sauce which Voltaire placed in startling antithesis to the hundred Anglican religions. There is a coarse passage in 'Venice Preserved' which positively declares, if an Englishman be furnished with beef,

* THOMAS himself spells it *Mare-Mount*; and I incline to the belief, that he meant Sea-Mount, or Sea-View, and not Merry-Mount at all.

a sea-coal fire, and one other comfort, which we cannot name to ears polite, that he will be ready for all manner of treasons and conspiracies. Indeed, it is curious to notice how much eating and drinking there is in the English drama, and how small a figure these accomplishments make in the plays of other languages. In Colman's 'Inkle and Yarico,' when Mr. Trudge is left in the wilderness, with the usual stage propriety, he sings a comic song — not at all comical — in which, after a touching allusion to 'the gay chop-house signs' of London, he warbles after this fashion :

'For a neat slice of beef I could roar like a bull ;
And my stomach 's so empty, my heart is quite full.'

It will be found, indeed, that the highest as well as the lowest English literature has a dietetical squint. I am not about to say that this is, *ex necessitate*, coarse or animal ; and, if I should say so, every one who has read the sensuous reverberations of Milton, or his softer but still epicurean sonnets, might encounter and vanquish me in a 'veni-vidi-vici'-eous way. But every where, in the best and in the worst company, one sees how much the kitchen has done for all writers ; or failing the cook, how much the tapster has accomplished. 'Tis the same in tragedy or in comedy, and 'tis not wanting even in the records of religion. You may miss it in Aaron Hill's frigid reproductions of French tragedy, but you do not miss it in the rantipole interludes (which are emphatically Hill's own) sung between the acts of 'Zara,' and intended to fit French claret for English stomachs, by giving it a dash of brandy ; and in which 'He' tells 'She,' that men

——— 'dream not that eating will appetite tire.'

In 'High Life below Stairs,' one of the cleverest farces of the last century, the offence of the servants is, that they have, at their master's expense, 'had a smack of every sort of wine, from humble Port to imperial Tokay.' There is a rivulet of wine running upon its sparkling course, from the beginning to the end of Congreve's matchless comedies. Valentine plies Trapland the scrivener, who comes to arrest him, with wine, and 'cannot talk about business upon a thirsty palate,' and plies him to the good purpose of a reprieve from arrest. All the metaphors of the play shoot in that direction. Sir Sampson Legend complains that his spendthrift son 'has organs of digestion and concoction large enough for a cardinal ;' and goes on, in his grief and wrath, to inquire : 'Why was I not a bear, that my cubs might have lived upon sucking their paws ?' How charmingly, to refer again to Milton, is Comus described :

'OFFERING to every weary traveller
His Orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drought of PHÆBUS.'

This is a different affair, of course, from the maudlin fun of Sir John Vanburgh's 'Provoked Wife,' in which Col. Bully sings some things which we cannot quote, and this which we can and will, because it is a fair specimen of English bibulosity fairly run to senseless seed, and of what our ancestors chanted in their cups, to be found in old song-books, now very rare, which once lay in the window-seat beside 'Hale's Pleas of the Crown,' 'Burns's Justice,' and 'Tusser's Husbandry'—*sic* sang Bully:

'WE'RE gayly yet, we're gayly yet,
And we're not very fow, but we're gayly yet:
Then sit ye awhile, and tipple a bit,
For we's not very fow, but we're gayly yet.'

This charming canticle so delights Sir John Brute, that he incontinently declares, that he 'would not give a fig for a song that is not full of sin and impudence;' and concludes by exclaiming, as well as his thick tongue will let him: 'No morality—and damn the watch! And let the constable be married!' And so he goes out, like a true gentleman, reeling drunk, to encounter the citizens airing themselves of a Sunday night, with this pious declaration: 'He that says Sir John Brute is not as drunk, and as religious as the drunkenest citizen of them all, is a liar.' In the touching letter which announces the death of Sir Roger de Coverley to the Club, we are told that he, first of all, 'lost his roast-beef stomach.' And in contrast to this homely touch, is the vigorous Bacchanalian pard-like ferocity of honest Nat. Lee's 'Alexander.' How he rolls out, after his flourish of trumpets, into the merely mortal ears of Perdiccas, Cassandra, and the rest:

—— 'WHILE the bowl goes round,
MARS and BELLONA join to make us music:
A thousand bulls be offered to the sun,
White as his beams; speak the big voice of war;
Beat all our drums, and sound our silver trumpets;
Provoke the gods to follow our example
In bowls of nectar, and replying thunder.'

This is extravagance; but it is at least superb extravagance. Even in protesting against luxury, it is curious to notice how luxurious the English dramatists grow. In 'the Chances,' by Beaumont and Fletcher, the Duke cries out:

—— 'Is there any
Amongst us of so fat a sense, so pampered,
Would choose luxuriously to lie a-bed,
And purge away his spirits; send his soul out
In sugar-sops and sirups?'

which half-converts one to sensuality, like ——'s last novel against *crim. con.*, or Mrs. Flamingo's 'Poems of Passion,' recently collected. There is a mad merriment in the later comic dramatists, which might

almost make an epicurean of St. Simon Stylites; and of these, Farquhar pleases one the best, because he is the most cleanly. We take hugely to honest Sergeant Kite enticing the bumpkins 'round the Wrekin,' with 'a purse of gold,' and 'a tub of humming ale,' 'to pull down the French king,' who of course is contemptible, partly because he is a tyrant, and partly because he eats frogs. The gallant Sergeant, when asked, 'What induced him to turn soldier?' replies: 'Hunger and ambition.' The answer has the merit of truthfulness, and moreover, puts one in mind of Falstaff's exquisite: 'What! a young knave, and beg? Is there not wars? is there not employment?' I suppose, by the way, that all lovers of Shakspeare have remarked what a fine aroma there always is of the tap-room and the kitchen, when Sir John trundles in with his roguish tail of followers. The very smell of larder and cellar exhales from the printed page, and the breath of beer and sack comes up to us from sightless flagons. The metaphors are of meat, and the tropes all seem to jump from the durance of tankards. All Eastcheap sings:

'Nunc congregatum nobis est,
Edendum et bibendum.'

There is Corporal Nym's sword, which is 'a simple one; but what though? It will toast cheese.' Bardolph, to make friends, will 'bestow breakfast.' As for the Knight himself, he is always talking like the cleverest and wittiest of cooks or of drawers. The Prince is 'a sneak cup,' but he has a Roland for that Oliver, and Sir John is 'my sweet beef.' Hal says to his 'fat friend' in another place: 'What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day, unless hours were cups of sack and minutes capons,' etc. If a very hungry man can thrive without cost, and snub his own impecuniosity by sniffing the steam of a cook-shop, surely some fasting scholar in his heavenly attic might find a feast for an emperor in the fat sentences and oozing wit of Sir John Falstaff, while gentlemen and ladies of the vegetarian persuasion might eat 'much good, dry oats' and 'a bottle of hay—good, sweet hay'—with Bottom.

Since it came into fashion either to take no note of the unquestionable fact that we have, even in these our most mortal and contemptible bodies, stomachs, spleens, and omentums, and pyloric orifices and chymes, stimulating our duodenum and our livers, and peristaltic machinery, and all that sort of thing: or to remember these facts, only to see with how much success we can mortify our inward forces into flat revolt and a perpetual jostle—since, I say, all this came into fashion, nobody is allowed to speak of what he eats, unless he pleases to eat like the beasts that perish; and then he may make an immense noise in private circles, or, upon his personal responsibility, convoke a convention. When a man has lived for two years upon saw-dust and

molasses, he considers that circumstance of sufficient importance to be mentioned in the newspapers, or even in the monthly magazines; and he will be more than usually modest if he calls no convention to pass five-and-twenty resolutions upon the subject of his successful starvation, and to present him with a silver pudding-stick. Another gentleman, who has scorned stint, and who has consulted no table to discover that wild-turkey is digested in two hours and eighteen minutes, while the domestic bird requires two hours and twenty-five minutes; who does not know how his food is introduced into his stomach, and has not the least notion what is done with it after it gets there; who eats partly that he may drink, and who 'drinks liquor' (as they say in New-England) of the best accessible vintage: this good liver, I say, albeit upon his genial barbarities he grows stalwart and jolly and contented and benevolent, never thinks of writing to the editors—for which they are much obliged to him—and attends no conventions save those of the political party of which he is probably an ornament and valuable defender. He is discredibly vigorous, has a most infamous chance of achieving longevity, and will probably be ingloriously lamented by his friends, who will send him to his dishonored tomb without deeming it to be at all needful to glorify and magnify themselves upon the occasion of his exit.

For my own part, whenever I am engaged in any research, biographical, historical, geographical, or ethnological, I invariably experience great inward comfort and refreshment from what I may call the edibilities and potabilities of literature. When I was a boy, I read the life of Abyssinian Bruce, and the fact which stuck in my tender memory was that, when other provision was unattainable, he ate raw beef-steaks 'cut from a living cow.' In 'Poor Robin's Intelligencer,' London, 1675, I find an enterprising victualler of Moregate advertising the same thing, save that he cooked the beef after he cut it, for which I sincerely trust that he was taken to the Compter, or compelled to flee into Alsatia. My ancestors, or at least one of them, had the honor to be sent to Leicester jail, with George Fox; and I am pleased to learn that George, rather than buy beer of the inhuman jailer, extemporized a decoction of wormwood, which answered well enough for those who found sin and perdition in drinking healths. There was a certain Wiltshire parson, one John Fox, who, being of the Presbyterian faith, was sometimes mistaken for George, and who uttered this most unchristian sentiment, when charged with preaching for hire, 'Fill my belly with good victuals, then call me false prophet, or what you will, or kick me about the house if ye will'—to the intense disgust of the true and original Fox, who records the dreadful admission with becoming indignation. But if George was an anchorite at the table, his present representatives, particularly in the agricultural

regions of Pennsylvania, have bravely apostatized. But how refreshing is it to meet a great one in his cups, or a hero at his trencher: Domitian, dining so heartily that he had no stomach for his supper; Vitellius sitting down to a banquet of two thousand fish and seven thousand birds, with his centre-piece of 'The Shield of Minerva' made of 'the brains of peacocks and the livers of fishes;' Nero, with 'his big belly and slender legs;' fierce, hungry emperors snatching meat from the altar; of Masaniello, whose life has been so musically rendered by Mons. Auber, letting his beloved country go to the bow-wows, while he drank *Lachrymæ Christi* to the extent of 'twelve bottles before breakfast;' of Ferdinand asking his uncle, the Admiral Henriquez, 'to stop and dine, for they had a chicken for dinner;' of Charles at Yuste, with his 'potted capon before he arose, served with sugar, milk, and spices — after which he went to sleep again' — dining at noon, and dining again after vespers, sending leagues upon leagues for sausages of a particular kind, and then reduced *cheu!* to a mess of 'barley water, the yolks of eggs, and senna-wine;' of George IV. brewing Regent's Punch; and of the amiable Victoria over the domestic muffin; of King (*sartoris gratia*) Brummell begging biscuit in his banishment, of soft-hearted pastry cooks; of Napoleon at St. Helena, walking every morning, with his silver cup in his hand, to drink from his favorite spring; and of Gen. Andrew Jackson smoking a corn-cob pipe, and smashing the United States Bank at the same instant. And the Kings of Letters eat and drink in a way which is equally entertaining. Milton was not a gourmand, but many passages in his poems prove that he was an epicure. Bacon lost his life by catching cold in making an antiseptic experiment of stuffing a fowl with snow. Swift got a headache for life by eating stone-fruit at Sir William Temple's. James Thomson devoured the sunny side of peaches which he was too indolent to pluck. Steel, as a palliation of his playing truant, sends his wife a present of walnuts. Dr. Johnson threatened to write a cook-book which should drive Mrs. Glasse out of the market, and loved Mrs. Thrale because she gave him 'roast veal stuffed with plums.' And to crown all, when the noble and illustrious Launcelot Langstaff, Esq., collected those immortal works which are called 'Salmagundi,' did he not place upon the title-page this extract from the great Psalmanzar, namely:

'In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem folksez,
Fee, faw, fum'?

which being interpreted metrically, by Pindar Cockloft, Esq., signifieth:

'With baked and boiled and stewed and toasted,
And fried and broiled and smoked and roasted,
We treat the town.'

And is there any thing in this delicious book more affecting than the death of 'the Little Man in Black'? 'He pointed to his mouth with an expression of dreadful meaning, and, sad to relate, my grand-father understood that the harmless stranger, deserted by society, was perishing with hunger.' I quote a passage which every body must remember, because, alas! how many years ago, I was wont to weep over it, particularly about the blessed Christmas-time, when I was usually in a condition of turkey and pudding proper for its appreciation. Irving, like all sensible men, does not despise deipnological aid. Witness the glorious supper which preceded the dreadful catastrophe of Mr. Ichabod Crane — which may not have been a banquet for gods, but was certainly something better — a banquet for men! It would take us a pretty time, I fancy, to grow fat upon ambrosia and nectar; and talking of nectar, let us end by remembering pretty Evangeline — gentle, black eyed Evangeline — fair, in sooth,

'WHEN in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noon-tide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.'

But it is time to rise from our humble repast. '*Nunc est bibendum!*' This glass only to dear memories — to those who will no more gather about the old domestic board with gladsome sun-rise shining in every face; to the brave and true and generous who once rang their empty glasses upon the hospitable mahogany, when life was young and hearts were hopeful, and we had not tasted the fennel in the cup! The lights are all extinguished — the dust of time has dried the wine which was spilled from the tossing flagons; there are no flowers now upon those stricken brows! Here in my chamber I call you, dear friends of youth and manhood! I call, but you 'answer not again.' And so, since I must drink only to what is left of the wealth of life, I call with Christopher Sly, 'for a pot of small ale.' Away with 'sack-cups' and 'conserves' — 'a pot of small ale!'

A SCHOOLMASTER TO HIS WIFE.
WHO TOOK AN APPLE FROM HIS DECK.

Your mother EVE an apple stole,
But ate it not alone:
She gave a part to that dear soul
Of which she was the bone.

I'd have my EVE at least as kind:
I therefore beg, dear Madam,
You will another apple find,
And send it to your ADAM.

Y O U N G A M E R I C A .

WALKING to-day, I chanced to meet,
 Sauntering along the crowded street,
 Eyeing with cool, impertinent stare
 The butterfly ladies who fluttered there,
 Swinging a cane with nonchalant air,
 And now and then smoothing the silky hair
 Which grows on his chin and shadows his lip,
 A genuine Young American chip
 Of that antique block, which we, in this free
 And happy Republic, all agree
 Was the toughest and best, from surface to core,
 That any country or age e'er bore.

Twenty summers have passed o'er his head
 With almost imperceptible tread:
 Twenty summers; and yet he is older,
 In many things, than his grand-papa;
 Older in sin, at least, by far:
 And as to his manners — no granite boulder
 Ever began to suggest such age
 As our hero, whose portrait graces this page!
 Of course he has travelled far and wide —
 Exhausted the planet in fact — and tried
 Excitements enough, and 'seen them all through,'
 (That is, if his own report be true,)
 To have killed, dear reader, a dozen like you.
 Of trips to Paris and London he chatters
 As lightly and glibly, as if such matters
 Were nothing more, upon my soul,
 Than taking a leisurely morning stroll!
 Of the former city, the tales he tells
 Of its jolly grisettes and gambling-hells,
 Are enough to make the sensible pair —
 To whom he owes, what he never pays,
 Honor and love — for the rest of their days
 Repent in sackcloth and ashes the hour
 That gave him birth. Yet how he would stare,
 If that highly respectable couple should dare
 O'er him, their graceless son and heir,
 Assert the right of parental power!

It's hardly worth while to describe his clothes,
 For they change as often as comes and goes
 The fashion of hat, coat, pants, and vest,
 In the latest of which he is always dressed.

For example, last month his spindle-legs,
In the style of trowsers then all the go,
As the fashion-plates of that period show,
Were as well defined as a thorough-bred nag's :
To-day they are hidden in pants that, like pegs,
Are wide at the top and narrow below,
Where they rest on his boots ; and exactly so
Of his tight-fitting coats, which are now mere bags.
Obeying a similar modish freak,
The turn-down collar he wore last week
Has given place to a narrow band,
Smooth and white as a lady's hand,
But glossy and stiff, and standing up
Like the rim of a fine white porcelain cup.
From his hunting-case COOPER-watch depends
A chatelain enamelled with blue —
Something of course *recherché* and new :
A pretty match for the glittering thing
He wears on his finger — a diamond ring,
That cost (HEAVEN help him, if ever he feel
What it is to know the want of a meal !)
As much as many a poor man spends
For bread and clothes the whole year through !

But what does he do, from morning till night ?
What does he read, or what does he write ?
Surely, you'll say, a man with health,
And plenty of what the world calls wealth,
Must play some part in the complex plan
Which aggregates individual man.
I'll answer the question : What does he do ?
Why, he meets a friend, and 'puts him through :'
Which means persuading a fellow-being
To drink till he's past all hearing or seeing :
In other words, getting him 'tight,' or 'blue.'
What does he do ? Why, for hours he plays
On a table covered with something like baize,
With the 'white and the red,' and a 'twelve-ounce cue,'
Making caroms and pocketing balls,
Just as other young gentlemen do :
And when such pleasant pastime palls,
He 'fights the tiger,' and loses a V,
Swallows a drink, and complains of *ennui* !
Of course the opera claims his care,
And every night you may see him there ;
Not, though, as if he had come to stay,
And enjoy the thing in a sensible way —
Which might look as if he was n't *blasé* —
But lounging about, with his hat in his hand,

Like the man Dr. JOHNSON met in the Strand ;
And standing up, and looking around,
As though he were deaf to every sound.
Sometimes he'll lean by an open door,
With his killing eyes cast down to the floor,
(As much as to say the whole thing is a bore,)
Tapping his boot with his slender cane,
And hanging his sinister thumb on the chain
Of gold and blue, which I've mentioned before :
And all for what ? Why, just to make
The heart of some dear little damsel quake
With tender emotion, perhaps to break,
As how many others have done for his sake !
For to him it is perfectly clear that no woman,
Who is neither more nor less than human,
Could stand, if he did n't choose to be kind,
The shock of his presence, unless she were blind,
Without losing forever the peace of her mind !

For the music he does n't care a pin,
And would call it a mere infernal din,
If he dared to speak as he thinks ; but he swears,
As a matter of course, that he's ravished with airs,
Which might as well be 'Sich a Gittin' up Stairs,'
Or 'The Old Folks at Home,' for all he cares.
But the thing that, in the slang of the town,
Makes him 'cave in,' or 'takes him down,'
Is to see a pink-limbed ballet-girl
Spinning about in a muslin whirl,
With her leg raised above the line of her knees
To an angle of ninety-five degrees,
Till all of a sudden she comes to a stop,
And tumbles down like a humming-top !

The opera over, the lights all fled,
(Or the gas turned off) and the 'garlands dead,'
He goes — but I may not follow him in
To his next resort — the maelstrom of sin,
Within whose horrible vortex of foam
Is whirling the pride of many a home !
And so we must leave our hero there,
To revel amid the glitter and glare
Of that pestilent, poisonous, vicious lair !
There, among those who are known by a name
Which to utter, would flush the cheek with shame ;
(Human flowers, once fair to the eye,
Now broken and soiled, and forever thrown by,
To flaunt for a while, then wither and die !)
There, in that room where the tempting snares

Which the mind of the cunning upholsterer plans —
Such, for instance, as sumptuous chairs,
Luxurious sofas and soft divans,
In the renaissance style of Louis Quatorze —
Are strewn o'er the velvet-carpeted floors :
There, in that room which he knows so well,
With its curtains of crimson brocatelle :
There, in that ante-chamber of Hell !

And here, having brought him to that bad place,
As a lawyer would say, I rest my case,
And will only indulge in a single remark,
(As I once heard an orator say in the Park,
Who having indulged — in brandy and water —
Spoke on for at least an hour and a quarter :)
My readers, I've sketched with a feeble pen,
Or tried to, one of our fast young men ;
They're common enough, as you'll all allow,
(Too common, alas !) and supposing you now
To ask me what I am driving at,
I'll answer the question plain and flat :
Our young Republic, as all are agreed,
Of which our forefathers planted the seed,
Has grown to a noble tree indeed.
But have n't you heard that a worthless weed,
If allowed to increase, as weeds always do,
Especially in a soil that is new,
Is apt, by exhausting the earth round its roots,
To injure a tree, and impair its fruits,
Just like too many suckers and shoots ?
Why, of course you have ; then do n't, if you please,
(I would beg it upon my bended knees,)
At the danger I've hinted, cry ' Phsaw,' or ' Fudge !'
For remember, that in this land of ours,
Of equal rights and coëqual powers,
The fast young man, whom you no doubt despise,
In these days of political fraud may *rise* ;
Is a possible President, yea, and a Judge !
And remember, besides, that public worth
From private virtue should have its birth ;
That you can't, as I need n't tell you in verse,
From the ear of a sow make a silken purse.

AUNT PATTY AND HER NIECES.

'FATHER, I have brought you a letter from brother Edward,' was the exclamation of Ellen Redford, as she bounded into the quiet parlor where her parents were seated. She waited, hat in hand, to hear its contents. The spectacles were placed with the deliberation of age, the page slowly perused, and the fact announced that Edward was to be with them the following evening. Ellen skipped up-stairs, threw her arms around her sister's neck and kissed her, exclaiming: 'It is two years next month since I have seen him; never such a separation before since we were born.'

They continued their sisterly conversation until the light had faded in the west, and then repaired to the parlor. Lucy requested to see Edward's letter. When she had read it, she observed: 'You did not tell me, Ellen, that Henry Errington was coming with Edward.'

'I did not know it; I only heard the main fact, and ran up to tell you. And pray, who is Henry Errington? I never heard of him.'

'He is Edward's particular friend,' said Lucy. 'He spoke to me of him often when he was here last summer. He is engaged in the same business, and lives in the same house with Edward. I thought I had mentioned him to you.'

'Never, and I hope he may not prove a restraint to us.'

'Certainly not. Edward would not bring him if he thought he would be an ungenial companion to us.'

The mother was on 'hospitable thought intent,' and had planned much to make the house agreeable to her son and his friend. The spare rooms were to be aired and decorated, and sundry nice things for the table prepared by the ladies themselves, while their single domestic was employed in the more servile offices. Before the next evening the house looked as pleasant as order, white curtains, and flowers could make it. True, it was neither new nor fashionable, but took an air of comfort and refinement from its inmates.

The father was most happy in the anticipation of again seeing his only son, and his evening devotion was warmer than usual, and the hymn in which all the family joined, one of praise and thanksgiving. The following day was actively employed in appropriate duties, and the afternoon found all the ladies nicely dressed, and waiting for their guests. The reception of the son and brother was warm and tender — of the friend, cordial and kind. The evening passed in that familiar chat which has such deep interest for attached relatives.

Sunday morning came — how pure and beautiful! how still and serious! how full of holy thought and sweet resolve! The poets have

sung it, the weary have blessed it, and those who have a hard lot yet welcome the day of rest, and feel that they may go with the prosperous to the house of God. The Redford family were prepared to attend divine service, when an elderly woman rode into the yard on horseback and round to the back-door.

‘There comes Aunt Patty,’ said Edward, and rushed out to meet her.

A rather loud voice exclaimed: ‘Hallo, Ned, where did you come from? I had not thought of seeing you.’

‘I came from New-York, Aunt, and should have been much disappointed not to see you, for I know you go to meeting as sure as the bell rings.’

The lady jumped from her horse, secured it, and made rather long steps through the kitchen, but when she arrived at the parlor-door was surprised to see a stranger, shortened her foot-steps, and drew up a little. Lucy presented Mr. Errington to Miss Redford. She dropped a little courtesy, and said in a softened tone: ‘I hope I see you pretty well, Sir.’

After the usual greetings, her brother asked: ‘Sister Patty, how came you to ride on horseback this morning? I thought Burr always drove you to meeting in the wagon.’

‘He does a’most always, brother, but we have had a hard week’s work up at the great hill this week. We got the last of the hay in last night; Jonathan, Davy, and another man that was hired, were all as tired as dogs; it was night when they drove the last load on to the barn-floor, and I told them not to pitch off till Monday morning. Grand hay-times, not a lock wet; and I am thinking them hay-cocks I have seen out as I came along to meetin’ may get a duckin’ before to-morrow mornin’, for there’s pillary clouds in the south-west a’ready.’

‘I am glad, Patty, you have had such luck with your hay.’

‘Partly luck and partly care. I was up every mornin’ last week by day-dawn; called ’em all; got all the chores dun, and a lot of grass mowed while the dew was on. Made Hannah and Davy do the milkin’, and got the coffee ready myself; I do n’t always give ’em coffee, but I think they ought to have it when they’re mowin’.

‘You’re right, Patty, to consider your people.’

‘Yes, I mind them, and then they mind me; and that’s what I like. Now, I told Jonathan this morning that he need not tackle the hoss, nor come to meetin’, I’d ride down, and Hannah should read to him in the Bible an’ hymn-book, and that are printed sarmon you lent me last Sunday. He liked the plan right well, but Davy would not miss the Sunday-school. He had on his Sunday clothes, and run down an hour ago.’

Aunt Patty having explained her own condition, made sundry inquiries of them all, and when the bell rang was ready to go with them to public worship. She had a pew of her own, and some of her neighbors cast looks of inquiry to know why Jonathan Burr and wife were not there as usual, but she did not mind that. She attended to her own business, and thought others should do the same.

Lucy and Ellen were of the choir, and sat in the gallery; Edward and his friend with the father and mother. The preacher was of the old time. A prayer, commencing with many long words, and closing with faith and hope. The sermon was divided into many sections, and was on the whole somewhat tedious. But Parson Fisher was a good man, beloved of his people, and they called him a sarching preacher, and loved to have him at weddings and by their sick-beds, because he sympathized with them.

The intermission was short. A slight refreshment occupied the time, and the afternoon service was like that of the morning. After the exercises of the day were closed, they had a good dinner, with the addition of tea, and the young men proposed a walk when it was over, and invited the ladies to accompany them. Lucy decidedly declined, saying: 'That father always read to them at that hour, and would feel hurt if they went out.'

Ellen chafed a little under this privation, but submitted. The gentlemen went without them.

One day all four of them made a pleasant excursion to a distant mountain on horseback. A noble panorama was spread out before them, embracing the whole circle of the horizon. A part of the ride was through the native forest, with tall trees and much perishing vegetation beneath. Sometimes a carpet of mosses, sometimes ferns; and here and there an old tree had fallen, and left its length to decay in solemn stillness. Here the rabbits peered out fearless on the passenger, and the wild birds rang their notes unmolested.

Some of these scenes were passed silently, the majesty of nature lifting the heart in worship to the CREATOR. Once the sun-light fell on a dancing brook as it fled through rocks and by the roots of trees: here they stopped, and Edward added his fun and the others their laughter to the rushing water. At the top of the mountain they lingered until the lengthening shadows reminded them of night-fall, and they reluctantly mounted to return.

The next Sunday Aunt Patty was driven to meeting, and left a particular invitation that all should take tea with her on Wednesday. The great hill was about two miles north of the village, the place occupied by Aunt Patty being on its southern slope. The farm had been large, and a portion of it sold for other heirs. Patty occupied the old house, kept it in repair, and shared with Jonathan Burr, his

wife, and son David, the dwelling which had once accommodated a large family. Jonathan was not a smart man, but industrious and obedient, doing without fail whatever Miss Patty told him to do. Hannah likewise obeyed her, and taught her child to do the same. In the neighborhood Miss Patty was undisputed queen, and had sundry subjects of the lower order, who shared her pride and her affections.

To this abode the Redford family and their guests repaired early on a bright summer afternoon. The house was duly decorated to receive them. The best parlor was aired, the chimney-corner filled with asparagus gone to seed, and along with its red berries were pinned a number of holly-hocks of different colors. The table was ornamented with marigolds and china-asters. The chairs, whose seats had been wrought by her grand-mother in tent-stitch, were uncovered, and the sampler she had marked in her childhood was framed and hung over the chimney; its date disclosed Aunt Patty's age to be sixty-two. The windows of the room looked over the home fields and the wide valley; and although not near other dwellings, the smoke was seen rising from too many farm-houses to make it seem solitary even in winter. When summer smiled, it had a look of plenty and happiness. Here Aunt Patty welcomed her guests with true hospitality.

After the greetings were over, she remarked: 'That these were the first chany-oysters that had blossomed in her garden this summer.'

Edward said that he had often eaten the vegetable-oyster, but did not know that there were flower-oysters.

'You did,' said Aunt Patty, 'you've seen the chany-oysters in my garden ever since you wore petticoats, and you need not pretend you have forgot 'em.'

Edward smiled, and said he did forget many things, but knew he ought to remember the great hill and all that grew there, from the maple trees to the chick-weed.

Lucy asked to see the dairy, and Aunt Patty led the way to a very clean room, with shelves in it, on which were cheeses. 'You see, Lucy, I have thirty cheeses. I began to make cheese five weeks ago, and have made every day except Sunday. Sunday's milk I save for table-butter. I laid down six tubs of butter before I began to make cheese. The cheeses are smaller than we had in former days; but they are big enough for me to lift. In going to the dairy they passed a room that had a loom in it, where Hannah was weaving.

'I did not know,' said Edward, 'that any body wove at home in these manufacturing days.'

I always do,' replied Patty, 'and mean to as long as I live. Burr raises some flax every year, Hannah and I spin linen in the long spring days, and she weaves summer afternoons when she is not too tired.

Our sheets and towels wear four times as long as those made of the flax that is torn to rags by machinery before it's made into cloth. And I spin wool too sometimes. It's healthy throwing out your arms and walking back and forth to the wheel.'

Edward said he should like to see the old sugar-orchard where he had drunk so much sap when a boy. They walked among the noble old trees which still gave ample shade, although they had so often been robbed of their sweets in the spring-time. From the sugar-orchard they looked over a fence into a rocky pasture, which had a pond in it; on this pond swam a white flock. 'What handsome geese you have, Miss Redford,' said Mr. Errington.

'Not a goose among them,' said Aunt Patty, 'every one ganders.'

'Then you will have no goslings to eat.'

'I do n't want any; never liked them. I keep them for feathers, and ganders give most feathers.'

'And pray how do you get the feathers if you do not kill them?'

'Jonathan picks the feathers three times every summer. Just puts their heads into a stocking, sets on a block on the barn-floor, and picks their breasts into a basket.'

'I should think it would hurt them very much,' said Errington.

'I do n't think it does,' said Patty, 'they do n't squeak much; and I have a fine bag of feathers every fall to sell.'

On their return, they overtook Davy driving home the cows. Aunt Patty gave the history of Dolly, her favorite animal, and said: 'She was the best of the bunch, gave her pail of milk every night all summer.' They were then shown the home-lot, where two nice calves were feeding, that she told them she was raisin'; and, last of all, the orchard and garden, where were many nice vegetables, beside the famous flowers already mentioned. The bees likewise had a row of hives near the garden-gate. Miss Patty warned them not to go too near; as the bees did not like strangers, though they were fond of her, and never touched her. They stood some time at a little distance, to see the bees come slowly home with laden wings.

They had their tea, cakes, dried-beef, honey in the comb, and maple-sugar, in time to go home at sun-down, because Aunt Patty kept early hours, and they would not intrude upon her habits. Before they went, she bade Hannah see that Davy's face and hands were clean, and make him come in to see the ladies and gentlemen. The visit was made, and when he retired, Miss Patty said: 'He was a capital scholar: she had no doubt he'd be a school-master before he died, or may be a representative.' 'Or it may be,' said Edward aside to Lucy, 'he will be President of the United States.'

David was Aunt Patty's hero: he was born in her house: the only

child of Jonathan and Hannah ; and although she thought his parents would 'sartainly spile him,' she did her own share of the petting.

The visit had evidently given great satisfaction, as Patty really loved her brother and his family better than any thing in the world, except the great hill, and what belonged there. After their return, they seated themselves for conversation, and Edward said : 'Mother, Aunt Patty is certainly quite a smart woman : what could have been the reason she did not marry when she was young ?'

'When Patty was young,' the mother replied, 'she was not handsome : she was tall and gaunt. Perhaps she did not look as well for her age as she does now ; but that was not all. Patty was your grand-father's youngest child, and she had great liberty ; and as she was naturally wilful, she grew up to do and say exactly what she pleased. I think her determined manner, and her decided no, was a greater objection to her in the eyes of men, than her want of good looks. I never heard that she had an offer, until after your grand-father's death. Her neighbor, Simon Cooley, bought half of the farm, and offered to Patty. She suspected he wanted the remaining acres ; and had determined to have her own way the rest of her life, and knew she could not govern Simon.'

'But I thought, mother, that women did govern the household sometimes.'

'Perhaps they do, but not when they announce the intention beforehand. Aunt Patty was too independent to make herself attractive.'

The little circle had many pleasant walks and rides, many lively talks, and much music. At last Henry said to Edward one evening : 'I will not hurry you, but I must go to-morrow.'

'I shall go likewise,' said Edward ; and in a few minutes they retired to prepare. The farewell was uttered, and after an early breakfast, they took their departure.

What a blank in that quiet home ! Ellen said she would go upstairs, and finish a sketch she had made by the hill-side a few days previous. She sat alone in the little room she used for such purposes, several hours, not indeed drawing, but with the materials before her, and her head leaning on the table. In a few hours Lucy came to her. She was grieved to find her much dejected. She proposed a long walk, for the afternoon, to a distant place, where they had been long desiring to call ; but did not wish to take visitors. Ellen consented, and made a mechanical effort for self-conquest.

They went early to their room at night. Lucy seated herself at the window, to watch the moon shedding its silvery light and darker shadows over the neighboring fields and trees. She called Ellen's attention to the scene. Ellen looked abroad for a moment, and then seated herself on a stool at Lucy's feet, exclaiming : 'This, Lucy, has

been the most wretched day I have ever passed.' She laid her head on her sister's lap, wept and sobbed. Lucy was much moved. She suspected the cause, and made a tender inquiry.

'Dear Lucy, I am sorry to tell you, but feel that you must know that I love Henry deeply. From the first day of our acquaintance, he seemed to fill my heart. I went on in perfect confidence; and when I thought of it, I thought he loved me: but I felt more than I thought. The glow of pleasure each day, when I heard his cheerful 'good morning,' when we met, the thrill of delight which stole through me as he sang, were sensations I had never known before. I thought he would acknowledge a reciprocal attachment before we parted; or I think I should have restrained myself in some measure. His sudden announcement of departure came to me like a blow, and I believe I should have fainted; but it was growing dark, and I sat still, and Edward talked, so that I think my emotion was unobserved.' All this, and much more, was uttered in broken accents, and by slow degrees.

Lucy soothed her as best she might, fearing Henry had been too attentive. 'No,' said Ellen, 'I think he never distinguished me. I lay awake nearly all last night, and could not recall a single word or look to build hope upon. It is all my own fault, and that makes it doubly bitter.' Lucy told her not to reproach herself. Henry had great attractions, and used them unconsciously. But the acquaintance had been short, and as he had never alluded to a renewal of it, she hoped the impression would pass away. Ellen knew it never would. What girl ever expected to conquer a first attachment?

After a long conference, Lucy began to urge going to rest. 'No,' said Ellen: 'you can go. I will watch the moon-light until morning.'

'That will not do,' said Lucy. 'Perhaps you could listen to a story?'

'No.'

'Not if I tell you a true one, of myself?'

'Ah! yes, dear Lucy: I am not so selfish in my grief, that I cannot be interested about you.'

Lucy began with a question: 'Do you remember Richard Willis?'

'Very faintly,' said Ellen.

'I think you were not more than seven years old when he left us; and I have never been accustomed to speak of him, nor have my father and mother. His parents were dead when he came to us. My father received him as an assistant in his business, and as an inmate in the house when he was seventeen, and I only fifteen. My sister Annie, only two years older than myself, was my constant companion, and leader, I may say, for she always had more strength and capacity than I had. Richard spent his leisure hours with us, was a gay and amusing companion, and singularly obliging in every way to my father and

mother, as well as to us. He was likewise very bright in intellect, and seized on all opportunities for improvement. Annie had another dear companion. John Hanson, who is now her husband, was our school-fellow, and lived at his father's house, a mile off. I saw very soon that John was getting jealous of Richard, and feared he might make an impression upon Annie, who was just his age. He therefore took an early opportunity to explain himself fully to Annie, and they were promised to each other, when only nineteen and seventeen years old. Of course John was much with us, and monopolized the companion of my leisure hours. But Annie and I still worked together, and had much happy intercourse; and when John came, and I had to leave them together, Richard was sure to find me; and we always enjoyed the amusing book or the evening games together. We went on so for two years or more, and then Annie was married, and went away to Illinois. John's father had purchased a farm for him there, and my father had consented she should go. Mother was reluctant; but father told her that John Hanson was every inch a man, and worthy to take a woman to the end of the world, if she was willing to go with him. Annie went. Mother and I were very busy all the spring helping her to prepare for her new life. When she was gone, there was a sad blank. Richard did all he could to fill it; and before the summer was ended, he told me what I had understood, that I was the only one that could make his life happy. We talked with father and mother: mother hoped she should keep us, and that father could employ Richard. Not so: Richard had told him he should go to New-York, when he was of age. Although father loved him, yet he did not entirely confide in him. He warned me, that he thought Richard a flighty fellow, and he might disappoint me. I did not believe it: I thought him all but perfect. I lived upon his smiles; and nothing seemed sad or wearisome, when I might soon expect to be cheered by his presence. Time passed happily away, until the period came when he proposed to leave us. My father found him a situation in a counting-room in New-York, went there with him, and saw him well established. He promised to come at Thanksgiving. It seemed an age to me; but father advised him to stay quietly by his business at least six months, and acquire a character for steadiness and punctuality.

When he departed, I was deeply grieved; but hope was with me, and I little thought the separation was final. During the first months of his absence, his letters were frequent and tender. At length they were farther apart, and shorter. Mother said: 'He is saving things to tell you when he comes.' Thanksgiving came — but not Richard. I was now really sad. I got only a short note of apology, very different from former communications. I wrote a note of inquiry, to which no answer came. I spent a whole winter of suspense and an-

guish. Early in spring, my father went to New-York, determined to see him. At the business-place my father had found for Richard, he learned that he had left the counting-room months before. He was told that he had married a young person of some fortune, and was then on a bridal tour with her to the Southern cities. My father was highly indignant; and when he returned, he told me I had better never name him again, and think of him as little as possible. He was sure it was a great escape, to be rid of such an unprincipled fellow. My mother loved Richard, and was sadly grieved at his unworthiness; but she agreed with my father, that we had better not talk of him. I had no choice, but to bear it silently; and a long and weary time I had of it. I felt that the hue of my life had changed; that I no longer had the gay spirits that enlivened my youth; that I must be serious, when not sad; but in time, a measure of cheerfulness returned: I saw and felt that I must comfort the old age of my parents, and assist in the care of my brother and sister: I was young and well; it would have been strange, had I not recovered from this wound. It left a scar that cannot be obliterated. I cannot again feel what I felt for Richard. If he had died, it had been easier to place confidence in another.'

The tale was told in broken accents, and with many pauses, interrupted by exclamations from Ellen, who said at the end, she was sure she should never love another.

'Do not say so, dear Ellen,' said Lucy: 'your love is not reciprocated. The acquaintance is very short. I am sure you will soon possess yourself again, and think of Henry as a pleasant acquaintance, and not connected with your happiness. You have never been deceived, and the charm of your life cannot be broken as mine was.'

They retired late to rest. Ellen resolved that she would conquer an unrequited attachment. It was hard at first: the tears of vain regret would sometimes come to her eyes. Weary hours and listless footsteps could not always be avoided. She formed plans for the occupation of her time, which she steadily adhered to.

The sketches she had made during the summer were carefully finished; the music was regularly attended to; a course of reading suggested by her former teacher was pursued; nor were the household duties neglected. In the early autumn, a letter from Edward informed them, that Henry Errington had sailed for Calcutta, to be gone a long time. The last hope was extinguished, and the last tears shed.

A short time after this event, a letter from sister Annie urged Ellen to come and pass the winter with her. Annie had visited her parents but twice since her marriage; and Ellen had by no means the familiar feeling toward her that Lucy possessed. She hardly liked the thought of leaving home for six months. But the companions of her journey

had been suggested by her sister, and she found that it was expected by all the family that she would accept the invitation.

She went to her sister's home on the wide prairie. It was a great change, but the novelty interested her. Hanson and his wife had now been there fourteen years. Every thing about them was comfortable and abundant. They had a large farm, a good house, and all in it that their condition made desirable. They had a lovely family of five children. It is true they had not the advantage of schools at hand, but they had instructed their children as much as other cares would allow them. Ellen at once saw where she could be most useful, and undertook the task of teaching without hesitation.

She found herself a most welcome guest, and her sister a most interesting companion. She enjoyed her present prosperity the more, that she had suffered many privations during the early part of her Western residence. She loved to tell Ellen of the log-house in which she had lived five years, and her various efforts to make it habitable. *Her life had been one of many expedients; but she had had among some disappointments a great deal of happiness.* John Hanson's strong arm and warm heart had always aided and cheered her; and she had also much capacity and energy to assist him. Annie had something of Aunt Patty's strong will; but her early love for John Hanson, and her tender interest in the dear little ones, had softened her character. With such companions and employments, the winter passed rapidly away.

They were not always without company: their neighbors at a few miles distance, came to them occasionally, and their company afforded hilarity and enjoyment. One, a fine-looking young man, who resided two miles away, always stopped after church on Sunday. The church was Methodist, and four miles away. The ladies of the family did not always attend; but John and the children went, when they did not, and he was sure to bring Patterson home with him. Patterson had lived on a new farm a few years, with a mother and two sisters. The elder sister was about to marry, and live in a town ten miles away. There seemed to be a change coming over the family, and Patterson was delighted to make the acquaintance of one whom he thought to persuade to become his own. Ellen soon perceived the design; but knew not how to put a stop to it, until the question was asked, and his hopes frustrated. The circumstance was managed in so simple a manner, that John and his wife had to know the whole; and they were greatly disappointed. John assured her that Patterson was an excellent fellow, and would do every thing he could for her happiness; and Annie did so want her for a neighbor, that she was almost importunate. Ellen could not gratify them, and could not tell them that the preference for another still lingered with her. It passed;

but the residence was less pleasant than it had been before, and she welcomed the time of her return to her own home; and she persuaded her brother and sister to allow her to take with her the eldest daughter, twelve years of age, to remain a year, and still be her pupil. The mother consented reluctantly; but the father said: 'You know she must have advantages we cannot give her here.' And the sacrifice was made. The young Mary Hanson made her first journey with her aunt and a merchant going to New-York from the neighboring town. Edward received them, and went with them to the paternal home.

Ellen was delighted to reinstate herself in her former dwelling, with the love of her parents, the companionship of her sister, and the fond recollections which she could not dismiss.

When it was known that she was the instructor of her niece, Col. Thompson, who lived at the mill, two miles away, came and urged her to undertake the charge of his two motherless daughters, near Mary's age. The parents consented. Margaret and Fanny came every day. Ellen was glad of a daily task: she felt that she could bear her fate better when her mind was occupied. She took great interest in her employment. Her pupils were intelligent. She went abroad with them for flowers, and gave them practical instruction in botany: gave them drawing-lessons and lessons on the piano; so that the school-hours were not so long as to make them tedious. The summer passed quickly. The short autumn days were filled with various employments, and the cold and snow of winter curtailed their pursuits out of doors, but gave more time for study and reading.

The winter went by; and one afternoon in early spring, when Ellen was giving the girls their drawing-lesson, she was summoned to the parlor. Her mother and Lucy had gone to see Aunt Patty.

Much to Ellen's surprise, she found her guest was no other than Henry Errington. There were friendly greetings and mutual embarrassment. Ellen said: 'I had thought you in India.'

'I returned two days since,' replied Henry.

Then followed the oft-repeated tale, which has been told ever since the days of Adam and Eve. Those who have heard it, can never forget it. Those who have not, need know nothing about it.

When the parents returned, all was happily settled, and Henry and Ellen had plighted their troth. Henry's visit was necessarily short; but it was soon repeated in company with Edward. An immediate marriage was urged. The parents thought the autumn soon enough. Edward said, they should consider that Henry had already waited twenty months for his bride. After some discussion, it was agreed that the wedding should take place on Ellen's birth-day — the first of June — when she completed twenty years.

Henry passed as much time with them as his other engagements would permit; and the ladies were making the usual preparations. Edward laughed at them; told them it was not necessary to furnish clothes for the rest of Ellen's life, for he would answer for Henry's willingness to replenish her wardrobe whenever it was necessary. He had always thought an extraordinary supply was a reflection upon the person who was to furnish in future.

All went on happily until the bridal-day arrived. The pure white dress was nicely fitted to Ellen's symmetrical figure. The 'lilies of the valley' contrasted well with her dark hair; and Henry himself clasped the necklace of 'Orient pearl,' which he had brought from the 'farther Ind.'

Annie was there with her children: neighbors and friends were assembled. The minister offered the old prayer, beginning with, 'OMNIPRESENT and ALL-SUFFICIENT, etc,' and ending with 'faith and love.' He pronounced them man and wife, and offered a heartfelt blessing.

Edward ceased distributing cake, and placed himself at Aunt Patty's side. 'Well, Aunty, how do you like the appearance of the bride?'

'I think she looks beaouterful. Her neck is as white as them air white beads she has got on it. She's the harnsomesst gal in this town, and as good as she is pooty. I kind o' hate to hev her go.'

'But, Aunty, you cannot want her here, as much as Harry and I do in New-York; and you have Lucy left.'

Aunt Patty replied in an unusually low tone: 'I should not wonder if we had another weddin' here. When Colonel Thompson give Lucy his arm, to come in to this room, she turned as red as a rose.'

'Aunty, you must let Lucy take care of herself, and give a little attention to me.'

'I shall do nothin' of the kind: you can take care of yourself as well as any body.'

'I am a careless fellow, Aunty; and I want some body to look after me and my things. I am cross, sometimes, you know.'

'I do n't think so: if you are so difficult, you must look out sharp for yourself. I'll help you so far: 'I'll tell you what not to do. Do n't go and marry one of them air gals in New-York, that spend most of their time in the streets, a wearin' out shoe-leather, silks, and laces, and when they air at home, not doin' an individual thing for any body but themselves.'

Before Edward could thank Aunt Patty for her warning, the carriage came to the door. Ellen appeared in her riding-dress. The last kisses and farewells were bestowed, the natural tears were shed, the silent blessings invoked; and Henry conducted his wife to her new home, made comfortable by his care and good taste, made happy by his tender devotion.

THE WATER-SPOUT.

A SKETCH OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

THE little streams which flow through the glorious mountain scenery of Vermont are sometimes swollen to the size and volume of majestic rivers, while you will often see them in the summer droughts dwindled to the thinnest rivulets which still flash brightly and course rapidly through a waste of pebbles, so that with an elastic spring you may well leap across, and indeed a large part of their natural bed is dry; yet when the snows melt in the spring, or a rainy season comes on, they afford a spectacle which is more sublime from the sudden and almost magical metamorphosis. Thus, when you rub your eyes of a morning and look out of the window for familiar things, the whole scene may be changed. In the interval, your house appears to have been lifted up and put down in a new place, and you are no longer acquainted with the geography which you before knew by heart. You stare eagerly about, as one does at the theatre when the scene is shifted, and, instead of a couple of chairs, a table, and some scanty furniture in a common room, there opens upon your vision the utmost gorgeousness of scenic display. I have sometimes at evening wandered to my own threshold along the banks of the little Winooski River, left all things as I found them, turned the key in the lock, set down to my books, but on the next day — *hey presto!* what magician has been at work? — where meadows were, a wide, expansive lake, broken into patches by islets and clumps of elms, where the sun glistens on the yet troubled waves, and in front a noble navigable stream, enough to buoy up a man-of-war, and bear it onward to the lake. A bridge is gone; knolls are separated from the main-land; houses which once stood on *terra firma* can no longer be approached on foot; a dry street is changed into a Venetian canal; birds' nests are upborne from their high crotches; chickens swim side by side with the willing ducks; vast trunks, the refuse of the woods, the seasoned timbers of the lumber-yard, the fragments of the mill or hovel, with multitudinous waifs and wrecks, are borne impetuously by, while excitement and commotion reign every where in a valley so lately as still as death. The population are on the alert either to visit the spectacle, or to stay the damage. The rude scow glides from door to door, or receives a passenger or two from a second-story window; those in shallower places, like Mrs. Partington sweep away the waves from their door-ways, or calculate the hour when the tide will go down in their cooking-stoves, or cast the line in their kitchens, or tempt the ford to their nearest neighbors. Cows, up to their udders or horns, are extricated from their

inclosures ; submerged pigs are drawn from their pens amid immense squealings ; while rats, mice, and pole-cats are left to drown. In dry places, weather-wise men, who have nothing else to think of, compare their almanacs, collate their memoranda, and settle the dates of all the floods and freshets which have reminded them of Noah's deluge, or swept over the valley, since the first settlers at a safe distance from the Winooski, constructed roads over the high hills or built their log-huts. The tumultuous flood subsides as rapidly as it came on ; before night-fall the merchant's stores, his firkins of butter, kegs of lard, barrels of flour, and other commodities, are again visible in his cellar, and many things, which it was feared might float, are safe at their moorings.

In these mountain-streams the passing out of the ice in spring is invested with peculiar elements of grandeur. Although the premonitions are not a few, and you have been carefully on the watch from day to day, it is a great chance that in the course of half-an-hour, while your back is turned, or your attention absorbed with other matters, the spectacle has gone by, and the 'navigation' has opened. There is a suddenness about it which at least takes you by surprise, unless you have your observatory on the bank. The fogs settle upon the valley, the warm rains descend, the rays of the sun increase in ardor, the under-current works its way in divers places from its caverns to the light, there are pools of standing water on the slush, great cracks and chasms appear, thunderings and detonations are heard, but the solid mass remains fixed and immovable from the outlet in the broad lake, through branches and tributaries, to the very sources of the stream in the high mountain forests. At last a rumor spreads, and the cry passes from lip to lip. The ice is breaking up. Crowds hurry to the bridges. Every window and balcony which commands a view of the scene is crowded with eager faces ; and the gentle, the imperceptible yet steady forces of the advancing spring, acting like those of the moral world, have burst the fetters, heaved up many a burden, dissolved the spell of death, and inaugurated a mighty movement which bears down all before it. It is a scene which may be remembered for a life-time ; it is one of animation, of excitement, showing forth the active powers of nature in their revolutionary, irresistible strength.

As far as the eye can reach, is one moving mass ; immense icy fragments of every conceivable shape, crystal blocks of great thickness, heaps and pyramids of snow, huge boulders, slabs as large as any which ever came from an Egyptian quarry, columnar bits, such as might be broken off from the Giant's Causeway ; spar-like pinnacles ; many an ugly congeries of rubbish, timbers, stumps and trunks of trees, all caked together, are borne along, like an Arctic floe, on the swell of a strong, full tide, and with such a rapidity as can only be attained

when torrents descend from the mountains. All this vast accumulation of disrupted materials — grinding, crashing, jostling one another, sometimes forcing up a huge section of ice out of its place into an upright position; at other times at some bend of the stream, pushing over its natural banks an irregular lump three or four feet in thickness, to be left on the ebbing of the tide in the middle of the highway; this raft which brings with it whatever loose or unsettled things have been left in its way; familiar objects from miles off, which we recognize as they float by; this fragmentary army moves along with the onset of a northern invasion, with a strange noise and a discordant music of its own, very often carrying consternation in its course.

Nothing is so strong as to stand bolt upright against its steady charges. The undermined elm topples over the bank; the tree which has grown up on some diminutive islet is as clean cut off by the sharp edges of ice as it would be by a stream of lava; the bridge with a single crash goes down into the gulf; there is a mill-seat below in a precarious predicament, the miller thrusts his white head like an apparition from a window in the loft, he hears the sound of advancing waters, then flees away from his granary for life. Now I stand in my own door-way, fix my eyes on an opposite land-mark, look at the dial of my watch, and the tide has risen five feet in fifteen minutes. If its progress is accelerated in an equal ratio for the next quarter-hour, it will produce its results, and yonder structure supported by solid masonry, will be wrenched away from its bolts. There is a congestion in some narrow gut, and the waves flow back on the town. The axemen hurry onward to the damned-up place, clear away the obstruction, and the danger is past. The greedy eyes are disappointed, but the trembling capitalist heaves a deep sigh, which gives relief. In a brief space of time the stream is clear, only a few separated fragments appear at intervals following in the wake of the great mass. This imposing icy exodus is the last of winter, for soon the banks will be clothed with verdure, and the daisies spring up in the meadow.

But I lately passed over the track of a rarer yet appalling phenomenon of nature, whose effects were described to me by one who was more than a spectator. It was in a valley in the mountains near the Winooski, where a diminutive stream trickles through the meadows, which in one place being dammed up, sets a mill in motion, but elsewhere, at the time I visited it, scarce afforded harboring-places even for a few trout. A deep cloud, trumpet-shaped, the upper part white, the lower black, was observed to proceed with a most audible, whirling noise, causing the trees to bend under it in a circular motion. Presently it burst, and pouring down its contents with great violence, deluged the whole valley, as if the sea had broke loose. So sudden was the irruption, that two men, who were working in the mill had

not time to escape, but in the midst of its crashing timbers, and a great collection of logs, were carried under, whirled along in the boiling vortex, and one of them instantly crushed and drowned. For several miles, until an outlet was reached, the fields were torn up, and every vestige of industry was blotted out. Riding pleasantly with a friend over the theatre of this wreck on a lovely day last June, we saw an old man approach, with a sack on his back and a staff in his hand, the survivor of the mill. I was forcibly reminded of Scripture: 'Two men shall be grinding at a mill. The one shall be taken and the other left.'

'There,' remarked my companion, drawing upon the reins, 'comes one who will tell the whole tale.'

After a slight introduction, the old man placed his sack upon the ground, and with a sober earnestness began his narrative.

'I doo think that there is such a thing as a partic'lar Providence. I feel to bless God for my deliverance. The disaster took place on the — day of — 18 —, [he mentioned the exact date, which I have forgotten.] Without a moment's warning, we were hurried into the flood, in the midst of the wreck. I was bruised, but not maimed by the falling timbers, carried under a long way, coming up by yonder tree on the meadow, where you see those kēows grazing, at the foot of the rocks. All between this place, where we are now standing, and that mountain, was a boiling sea. Oh! it was a great freshet! Never was the like of it seen in this valley, since it was first settled; and I feel to be thankful. I was violently tossed, pushed about, borne down in whirlpools, coming up again among the logs; but resigned, cool, tranquil as I am now. I said: 'Save, LORD, or I perish!'

The voice of the speaker faltered in the relation; and although no doubt it had been oft repeated, the tears which gushed out of his eyes evinced the deep emotion associated with his reminiscence, and a profound sense of gratitude to that BEING who had brought him out of the deep water-floods. From the peculiarity of his religious expressions, I took him to be a zealous member of the denomination of Methodists.

'Suthing,' he proceeded, 'whispered peace to my soul. I thought of my dear wife and children: I commended them to God. Jacob Smith saw me and Peter Voss when we went down. So he went and told my family that he see us both drowned, with his own eyes. Peter, he was found the next day, in Dog-river. He was a likely man; but death came upon him unawares. It's a long story, but I will tell you's quick's I can. My *cut* was pretty nigh torn off my back, my limbs were scratched: I was carried about two mild, and bime-by got hold of a twig, and, bless the LORD, got safe ashore.'

He here enlarged into a little essay on special Providences, seeming

to consider his own case as remarkable as any set down in the 'books;' nor did we deem it an interruption of our excursion, to listen by the wayside to his honest and heart-felt words. Presently taking up again the thread of the main story, he entered into considerable detail, both with respect to his peculiar feelings, and the circumstances of the catastrophe. It was one of those minute and graphic descriptions, sometimes given by simple persons, which it is the hardest of all things to transfer to print, without essential loss. The shades of night were descending fast when, wet, cold, and exhausted, he stood alone at the mountain's base. There was no moon; but the stars shone down with a faint light upon the troubled waste. Painfully he began to grope his way over the rocks, through the thick trees and underwood, in the direction of his home, hoping that the waters would subside, and some fording-place might be found. It was a slow and toilsome journey, where the sense of feeling could alone guide among the fallen hemlocks, ravines, and pit-falls, where a single false step might plunge one down many feet in some inextricable place. The irregular and wooded acclivities of a Vermont mountain are of difficult passage, with all care and judgment, in the full light of the meridian sun, where the decayed trunk gives way under your feet, sharp spikes and splinters stick out on every hand, and impervious prickly fences of rubbish would defy even the scrougeing ability of a bear. Nevertheless, at mid-night the poor man reached a point where he could just descry the outlines of his own house, but it was on the opposite side of the stream.

A solitary candle was burning within, and cast a feeble ray of light some distance athwart the gloom. Silently he stood for a few moments, and his heart yearned to his home; and then he lifted up his voice, and called aloud on all the members of his household by name. Like a piercing, mournful lamentation it went forth on the night-air, brought back to his own ears in echoes: 'Mary!—Margaret!—William!'——Hark! is there a recognition from yonder cot, or does his fond heart deceive? Once more: 'Mary—wife! dear wife——' Alas! the gulf of separation seemed like that of Death. The dreary winds gathering as if for a storm, the waves dashing with incessant noise over the remnants of the dam, the general turmoil of the flood had been enough to drown the most imploring cry. Yet it did reach the ears to which it was addressed. 'Methought,' said the mother, who had listened for some moments, as she raised her head upon the pillow, 'Methought I heard father's voice, as though it came from the spirit-land; but I must have dreamed.' Casting another look toward the flickering light, and breathing forth a prayer, the old man soon reached a place of shelter, sank down into calm repose, and on the morrow, at the break of day, when he knocked for admission at his own door, he felt like one who had returned from a long journey, while to the startled

eyes of his wife and children he seemed like one who had risen from the dead.

Such, in its main incidents, and according to my best recollections, is a true statement of the narrative ; and when it had been brought to a close, the fact of listening to it on the very spot where these events occurred, combined with the manifest feeling, the often choked-up voice, and starting tears of the speaker, left an impression not easily effaced. How strangely contrasted are the phases of human life, its scenes of joy and sorrow ! What terror and consternation must have here prevailed, when the windows of heaven were opened, and out of a summer sky there broke loose an instantaneous flood, a visitation hitherto unknown to the inhabitants, both in its specific form and peculiar violence — a *water-spout*, like that which sometimes rests on the surface of the ocean, columnar, or as a hollow cone, when it sucks up within it great gulps of sea-water as smoke through a funnel, and is then borne along, till by its weight it breaks ; and wo be to those argosies which sail beneath it ! But I believe that this phenomenon is rare upon the land, amid all the violences which the heats of summer engender and bring forth ; nor is the theory of it satisfactorily explained. As I looked upon the gullies and seams in the earth, which still, after several years, bore witness to the force of such a terrific visitant, and then upon the blue skies over-head, and on the soft, hazy outline of the distant mountains, there stole over me a serene consciousness of present immunity, a delight in beauty, and a sense of health. It was a sweet June morning, the fields were covered with their richest verdure, the leaves shone with their first glossy freshness, the wild-flowers gave a good smell, the birds carolled in the air, while far and near upon the romantic scene there settled down a holy calm, as if no storm had ever burst over the peaceful valley.

FROM MUSEUM DELICIE.

WOMEN are books, and men the readers be,
In whom oftentimes they great errata see :
Here sometimes we've a blot, there we espy
A leaf misplaced, at least a line awry :
If they are books, I wish that my wife were
An almanac, to change her every year.

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ACADIA : OR A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES. By FREDERICK S. COZZENS. 12mo : pp 329. Price \$1. New-York : DERBY AND JACKSON.

THE readers of the KNICKERBOCKER are already familiar with most of these chapters, which passed through the Magazine, and, with additions, have been collected into an elegant volume, with a couple of characteristic illustrations. The admirers of Mr. COZZENS — and who is not ? — will find 'A Month with the Blue Noses' a fit companion to the celebrated 'Sparrowgrass Papers.'

THE LIFE OF GENERAL H. HAVELOCK, K.C.B. By J. T. HEADLEY. Illustrated. 12mo: pp. 375. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER. 1859.

IN portraying the life and character of General HAVELOCK, Mr. HEADLEY has found a congenial theme. The volume, which we have read with unflagging interest, is free from the objections urged by some, to the style of the author's former productions. HAVELOCK's remarkable career is vividly narrated; and the thrilling events of the Affghan campaign, and of the recent rebellion in India, brought to the reader's mind in all their terrible enormity and cruelty. Even so enthusiastic an admirer as Mr. HEADLEY utterly fails, however, to harmonize HAVELOCK's opposite, and to us inconsistent, points of character — his evidently sincere profession of religion and rigid performance of its duties while engaging voluntarily in the life of the camp, and taking a bloody part in campaigns that disgrace the pages of England's history. How, for instance, could a *Christian* soldier witness with undisguised delight the terrible effect of British broadsides on the poor Burmese? Has a Christian Briton nothing else to do but obey orders and win victories? 'Are the spoils of a besieged and conquered city,' as HAVELOCK said of Hyderabad, 'the fair requital of the labors of one force, and a noble and rightful compensation for the vexations endured by the other'? Is it a fit subject for prayer to commend in one victorious battle? Surely this is a singular system of Christian ethics, appropriate, perhaps, for a crusader or a soldier of CROMWELL, but hardly consonant with the Christianity of the nineteenth century.

THE EXPLOITS AND TRIUMPHS, IN EUROPE, OF PAUL MORPHY, THE CHESS CHAMPION: including an Historical Account of Clubs, Biographical Sketches of Famous Players, and various Information and Anecdote relating to the Noble Game of Chess. By PAUL MORPHY's Late Secretary. Illustrated. 12mo: pp. 203. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

It is rare indeed that a man of but twenty-two years of age wins so large a place in the public estimation, in both hemispheres, as Mr. PAUL MORPHY, whose remarkable exploits and triumphs are narrated in the above volume, and rarer still that these victories are so peacefully won and so modestly borne. We all remember his earlier achievements on the chequered field of Chess in New-York; and there was something exceedingly romantic and chivalrous in his going over to Europe and throwing down the gauntlet to the veterans there.

Recent American Publications.

ANNUAL of Scientific Discovery ; or Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1859, exhibiting the most Important Discoveries and Improvements in Mechanics, etc., etc., etc. Edited by David A. Wells, A.M. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 12mo. Pp. 410. \$1.25.

My Thirty Years out of the Senate. By Major Jack Downing. Illustrated. New-York: Oaksmith and Company. 12mo. Pp. 458. \$1.25.

Tressilian and his Friend. By Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company. 12mo. Pp. 372. \$1.25.

The New American Encyclopædia: a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. By George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Volume Five. *Chartreuse—Cougar*. New-York: D. Appleton and Company. 8vo. \$3.

Opportunities for Industry and the Safe Investment of Capital ; or a Thousand Chances to make Money. By a Retired Merchant. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company. 12mo. Pp. 416. \$1.25.

Judge Haliburton's Yankee Stories. With Illustrations. A New Edition. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers. 12mo. \$1.25.

American Weeds and Useful Plants. Being a Second and Illustrated Edition of Agricultural Botany, etc. By William Darlington, M.D. Revised, with Additions, by George Thurber. New-York: A. O. Moore and Company. 12mo. Pp. 460. \$1.50.

Dictionary of the United States Congress, containing Biographical Sketches of its Members, from the Foundation of the Government, with an Appendix. Compiled as a Manual of Reference for the Legislator and Statesman. By Charles Lanman. Published for the Author by J. B. Lippincott and Company. Philadelphia. 8vo. \$2.

Matrimonial Brokerage in the Metropolis. Being the Narrative of Strange Adventures in New-York and Startling Facts in City Life. By a Reporter of the Press. New-York: Thatcher and Hutchinson. 12mo. Pp. 355. \$1.

Three Visits to Madagascar, during the Years 1853, 1854, 1856. Including a Journey to the Capital: with Notices of the Natural History of the Country and of the Present Civilization of the People. By William Ellis, F.H.S., Author of 'Polynesian Researches.' Illustrated by Wood-Cuts from Photographs, etc. New-York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 514. \$2.50.

The American Home Garden. Being Principles and Rules for the Culture of Vegetables, Fruits, and Shrubbery. To which are added Brief Notes on Farm Drains, with a Table of the Average Products and Chemical Constituents. By Alexander Watson. Illustrated. New-York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 531. \$1.50.

Life of Christopher Columbus. By Alphonse Lamartine. New-York: Delisser and Proctor. 32mo. Pp. 236. 50 cts.

The Culpit Fay. By Joseph Rodman Drake. New-York: Rudd and Carleton. 16mo. 50 cts.

The Household Edition of the Waverley Novels. The Surgeon's Daughter. Two Vols. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. \$1.50.

Last of the Mohicans. By J. Fenimore Cooper. New-York: W. A. Townsend and Company. Crown octavo. Pp. 443. \$1.50.

Schools and Holidays. By Mrs. Oliphant. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 18mo. Pp. 300. \$1.

Portrait of a Christian. Drawn from Life. Boston: Crosby, Nichols and Company. 18mo. Pp. 134. 75 cts.

First Things ; or the Development of Church Life. By Baron Stow. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 18mo. Pp. 282. \$1.

The Life of Frederick William Von Steuben, Major-General in the Revolutionary Army. By Friedrich Kapp. With an Introduction by George Bancroft. New-York: Mason Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 735. \$1.75.

Life of William Pitt. By Lord Macaulay. Preceded by the Life of the Earl of Chatham. New-York: Delisser and Proctor. 32mo. Pp. 227. 50 cts.

Shakspeare's Legal Acquirements Considered. By John Lord Campbell, LL.D. F.R.S.E. In a Letter to J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A. New-York: D. Appleton and Company. 12mo. Pp. 146. 75 cts.

The Life of North American Insects. By B. Jaeger, assisted by H. E. Preston, M.D. With Numerous Illustrations from Specimens in the Cabinet of the Author. New-York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 319. \$1.25.

Life of Frederick the Great. By Macaulay. New-York. Delisser and Proctor. 32mo. Pp. 277. 50 cts.

India and the Indian Mutiny. Comprising the Complete History of Hindostan, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day: with Full Particulars of the Recent Mutiny in India. By Henry Frederick Malcolm. Illustrated with Numerous Engravings. Philadelphia: J. W. Bradley. 12mo. Pp. 426. \$1.25.

Poems and Ballads of Goethe. Translated by W. Edmonstoune Aytoun, D.C.L., and Theodore Martin. New-York: Delisser and Proctor. 12mo. Pp. 240. 75 cts.

A Treatise on Theism and on the Modern Skeptical Theories. By Francis Wheaton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company. 12mo. Pp. 395. \$1.25.

The Convalescent. By N. Parker Willis. New-York. Charles Scribner. 12mo. Pp. 456. \$1.25.

Plan of the Creation; or, Other Worlds, and who Inhabit them. By Rev. C. L. Hequembourg. Boston: Philips, Sampson and Company. 12mo. Pp. 391. \$1.25.

Five Essays. By John Kearsley Mitchell, M.D. Edited by S. Weir Mitchell, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company. 12mo. Pp. 371. \$1.25.

Hope Marshall; or, Government and its Offices. By William N. O. Lasselle. Washington: H. Lasselle. 12mo. Pp. 326. \$1.

Sermons Preached and Revised by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Fifth Series. New-York: Sheldon and Company. 12mo. Pp. 454. \$1.

Hours with my Pupils; or, Educational Addresses, etc. The Young Lady's Guide and Parents' and Teachers' Assistant. By Mrs. Lincoln Phelps. New-York: C. Scribner. 12mo. \$1.25.

Scenes and Adventures in the Army; or Romance of Military Life. By P. St. G. Cooke, Colonel Second Dragoons, U.S.A. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston. 12mo. Pp. 432. \$1.

Popular Geology. A Series of Lectures read before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh: with Descriptive Sketches from a Geologist's Portfolio. By Hugh Miller. With an Introductory *Résumé* of the Progress of Geological Science within the last Two Years, by Mrs. Miller. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 12mo. Pp. 423. \$1.25.

Poems of Owen Meredith. The Wanderer and Clytemnestra. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 32mo. Pp. 514. 75 cts.

Memoir of Theophilus Parsons, Chief-Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts: with Notices of some of his Contemporaries. By his Son, Theophilus Parsons. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. Pp. 476. \$1.50.

A Practical Treatise on the Hive and Honey-Bee. By L. L. Langstroth. With an Introduction by Rev. Robert Baird, D.D. Third Edition. Revised, with Illustrations. New-York: A. O. Moore and Co. 12mo. Pp. 405. \$1.25.

From Wall-Street to Cashmere. A Journal of Five Years in Asia, Africa, and Europe: comprising Visits, during 1851-2-3-4-5-6, to the Danemora Iron Mines, etc., etc. By John B. Ireland. With nearly One Hundred Illustrations from Sketches made on the Spot, by the Author. New-York. S. A. Rollo. 8vo. Pp. 526. \$3.50.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

CONJUGAL LOVE 'IN THE ABSTRACT:' SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON AND 'MR. STUBBS' OF IOWA. — 'A. C.,' of Davenport, Iowa, that flourishing and beautifully-situated town, is welcome, as he 'always was, and always will be,' to our pages. He has never yet failed to amuse and to entertain our readers, if we are not mistaken in the 'configuration of his hand-of-write.' Greatly fruitful and fertile must be the 'region round-about' his present place of sojourn. Thence came, from a kind friend, seasons since, those famous PEACHES, to the EDITOR: from the egg-sized '*pits*' whereof, carefully preserved, and considerately dispensed, purple blooms now beautify certain of the hill-slopes of Rockland: thence also came to us the famous IOWA CORN, stalks from *our* growth whereof, lay in the outer office of '*The Tribune*,' which 'Bro. GREELEY,' in his journal, said 'honestly measured fourteen and a half feet' — the 'ears' being longer than those of the most distinguished jackass. But, to 'make use of an expression' which we heard barked by a King-CHARLES Spaniel at a swift and thundering rail-road train, the other morning, 'Let that pass.' Our friend says: 'You have heard of the 'Blarney-Stone of New-England,'* and of 'MILES STANDISH's Courtship.' Well, I left the region of those romantic histories, not *very* long since, with a copy of LONGFELLOW's last work under my arm, a piece of 'THE ROCK' in my trowsers-pocket, and sufficient other more current mineral to defray my expenses to the western banks of the Mississippi; and after a few days' pleasant travelling, found myself landed in this very flourishing city. I presume you have been here:' (very sorry to say, 'No:') 'I propose taking up my abode in apartments once occupied by a Mr. STUBBS, 'in a sort of cave, excavated in a mound at East-Davenport.' I have an architect, an artist, and an upholsterer now examining the premises, with a view to fitting them up with 'early occidental' magnificence. Shrubbery that KEOKUK might have envied, will bloom around me: music that might have charmed BLACK HAWK and his copper-colored nymphs will be mine: subjects for the pencil of the artist, not unadorned, however, that APELLES would have coveted, will spread their beauties

* Yes: and *where* and *when* the phrase was first employed, by the whole-hearted REYBURN, President of the New-York St. PATRICK'S Society. It was an ineffaceable 'hit.'

before me : and then there will be fruitful matter for mental speculation, in the associations connected with the subterranean edifice. But perhaps you do n't know much about Mr. STUBBS ? Then listen to this brief account of him, from an authentic and every-way-reliable 'History of Iowa :'

'1848. A noticeable event of this year, was the death of an individual named JAMES R. STUBBS. He was born in 1797, and graduated at West-Point with high honor. He was stationed at Fort Armstrong, on Rock-Island, in 1822, and in 1826 he served under his brother-in-law, Judge McLEAN, in the Post-Office Department. He afterward removed to Cincinnati, and for some three or four years served in the Post-Office and Clerk's Department of that city. While there, it is supposed that he became involved in some unfortunate love-matter, for his character was thoroughly and essentially changed. He returned to Davenport in 1833; and after '37, for eight years lived a recluse in a sort of cave excavated in a mound at East-Davenport. There, with no other companion than his pets — a pig, a dog, or cat, or all — he passed a rigidly secluded life. BYRON, in his misanthropy, petted a bear; and STUBBS, in his, petted a pig. He would occasionally walk into town, with his family all at his heels. For some two years before his death, he was induced to come forth from his hermitage. He was elected Justice of the Peace, which station he filled up to his death, with an impartial and incorruptible integrity. His residence was in the small brick tenement on the north-east corner of Main and Third streets, in which he kept bachelor's hall. Judge MITCHELL relates that, upon several occasions, while passing STUBBS's house late at night, he heard a violent clamor, as if a furious altercation were being carried on within. Curiosity prompted him to open the door one evening, when the noise was at its loudest, to ascertain the cause. Instead of a half-dozen persons, as he expected, about to engage in a 'free' and deadly fight, there were only STUBBS and his cat ! The latter was seated upon his knee, and listening demurely to his master, who was cursing him with every anathema in the vernacular, profane or sacred. Master Tom's offence seemed to be an amorous habit, which he had fallen into, of paying nocturnal visitations to the feline residents of the neighborhood.

'STUBBS was a man of unflinching honesty and of liberal education ; and had not the unfortunate event, before alluded to, occurred to affect his life, he would undoubtedly have bequeathed his name to posterity, as a legacy honorable and respected. He died May twenty-first, aged about fifty-one years.'

'Poor STUBBS ! He paid some woman a very extravagant compliment, if he buried himself alive for eight years, on her account. However, I always sympathize with a man who makes himself supremely ridiculous on account of a woman. I think it indicates strong feelings, and a large endowment of the imaginative faculty. The more melancholy the lamentations, and the more heart-rending the lachrymose emotions, the more creditable to the man, of course. If Mr. STUBBS had married the girl who jilted him, (if he *was* jilted : I know nothing of the matter, except what is contained in this sketch,) it is possible, had they been married, they might have been pulling each other's hair within six months afterward. What a saving of amorous sentimental misanthropy that would have caused.

'For the benefit of all incipient STUBBSSES who may be 'involved in some unfortunate love-matter,' I desire to copy a love-sick passage, addressed by one who is now a member of the Cabinet in England, to the lady who is at present, very much to his regret, his wife :

'PARDON, if for one brief moment your historian pauses to mingle the gushings of his own

affections with the tale which he dedicates to yours! Beautiful being, whom now, in no wild and boyish vision, I behold, with thy soft eyes, which are as the mirrors of human tenderness; and thy pure brow, where never cloud or shade ruffled the abode of all gentle and womanly thought; and thy fairy and fond step, where the vigilance and care of love preside and sleep not: hast thou filled the fountains of my heart with a mighty and deep stream: and shall they not overflow? Thy cheek is paler than it was, my love, and thy smile has a fainter play, and the music of thy sweet voice is more low and hushed, and the zephyr that waiteth on thy footstep flags at times with a weaker wing; so that, when I look on thee, my eyes have tears,' etc, etc.

'THIS was written several years ago; and although Sir EDWARD cannot now look on his wife unmoved, I doubt very much if he is inclined to shed tears, when he beholds her, unless it may be from vexation. 'The music of her sweet voice' now causes *his* cheek to become 'paler than it was,' whenever its dulcet sound reaches his ears: and only a year or two ago, during an electioneering campaign, so enchanted was he by its melodious tones, that he abruptly left the platform from which he was soon to address 'that many-headed monster, the Populace,' and did not again appear until the 'sweet voice' of the 'beautiful being' became 'low and hushed' in the distance! 'The zephyr that waiteth upon her Ladyship's footsteps,' probably *now* gives impetus to her foot, as she vindictively swings it toward her once so ardent lover. The fact is, those streams, that had their fountains in his heart, *did* overflow, and caused a very extensive domestic freshet. It flooded a great portion of two continents with the bitter waters of conjugal strife and bickerings, poured out chiefly from the weaker vessel.

'I think it cannot be reasonably doubted, that BULWER was in as bad a way, when he wrote that gushing zephyrian production, as STUBBS could well have been, when he went into his cave. If the latter had bent his energies toward a seat in the Cabinet at Washington, instead of wasting them upon the unproductive culture of pigs and dogs, and in 'free lectures' to Tom-cats, he would have led a different life: that is about all. Whether it would have been wiser or not, I will not undertake to say, without knowing more of the man. I only sought to illustrate, through the experience of BULWER, that it was very ridiculous to be driven into a cave by a love-affair.

'I do not propose to lead such a life in this cave as Mr. STUBBS did; on the contrary, I hope to live in a most hospitable and social manner. I have a small piece of ground, not far off, upon which I intend to raise onions for the New-England market. I have secured a 'first-rate agent' in Boston, whose card I send you, in case your own garden should not supply you with what seasoning material you require:

<p style="text-align: center;">B. ROGERS,</p> <p style="text-align: center;">SOLE AGENT FOR</p> <p style="text-align: center;">COUTTS' HIGHLY-FLAVORED ONIONS.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Office, No. 23 Fresen-Street, Boston.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><small>N.B. The particular attention of <i>Pickle Makers</i> is invited to this well-known vegetable, as it affords a cheaper and more nutritious condiment than any spices from the Mediterranean.</small></p>
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'If you should have occasion to call upon Mr. ROGERS, you will find him one of the most obliging and indefatigable of men. I am under great obligation to him, for he has done more to introduce my onions into the market than any other man. A. C.'

EDITORIAL NARRATIVE-HISTORY OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: NUMBER FIVE. — We are not without the fear, from circumstances which are unavoidable, that our readers may come to regard us somewhat in the light of the hero of Hood's 'Tale of a Trumpet.' But it should be remembered that *he* was not boasting: he was only adverting to a superior instrument which he *vended*: if we recollect rightly, he did not pretend either to have invented, or even to have manufactured his wonderful horn: so that he could proclaim its excellence, without justly incurring the charge of personal egotism. His reasons for praising it were sound:

'It is not 'the thing' for me, I know it,
To crack this 'ere trumpet up, and blow it,
But it's *the best*, and Time will show it.'

It would not be 'the thing' for *us*, at this stage of our narrative-history, to speak of the favor into which the KNICKERBOCKER gradually and permanently rose, from the point at which we left it in our last number, but for the fact, that we remember no similar example of combined intellectual effort on the part of its contributors, who, with a fervid *esprit de corps*, were all the while increasing, until (and they were scarcely more than *among* the entire list, numerically speaking) the following names were presented: while all the time there was a growing *affection* toward the Magazine, on the part of the public, as surprising as it was gratifying:

WASHINGTON IRVING,	HON. D. D. BARNARD,	ALFRED B. STREET,
WILLIAM C. BRYANT,	MR. CATHERWOOD,	JOHN WATERS,
J. FENIMORE COOPER,	S. D. DAKIN,	CONSUL G. W. GREENE,
FITZ-GREENE HALLECK,	REV. MR. GANNETT, (Mass.)	JAMES BROOKS,
PROF. H. W. LONGFELLOW,	MRS. GILMAN, (S. C.)	REV. DR. SPRING,
J. K. PAULDING,	E. T. T. MARTIN,	J. H. HILLHOUSE,
MISS C. M. SEDGWICK,	H. W. ELLSWORTH,	J. N. BELLOWES,
NICHOLAS BIDDLE,	REV. DR. BEASLEY,	DR. R. M. BIRD,
JOHN SANDERSON,	H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT,	PROFESSOR FELTON,
REV. WILLIAM WARE,	REV. J. PIERPONT,	STACY G. POTTS,
HON. LEWIS CASS,	HON. G. C. VERPLANCK,	J. G. WHITTIER,
CAPT. F. MARRYAT,	COL. T. S. MCKENNEY,	WILLIAM PITT PALMER,
J. H. STEPHENS,	PHILIP HONE, Esq.	DR. CARUTHERS,
SIR E. L. BULWER,	JOHN T. IRVING,	PROF. BECK,
REV. ORVILLE DEWEY,	REV. HENRY BASCOM,	MISS M. A. BROWNE,
HON. R. M. CHARLTON,	CHARLES SPRAGUE,	HON. CHAS. MINER,
JAMES G. PERCIVAL,	PARK BENJAMIN,	DR. A. BRIGHAM,
GOV. W. H. SEWARD,	THEODORE S. PAY,	EDWARD S. GOULD,
HON. R. H. WILDE,	MRS. FANNY K. BUTLER,	CHARLES HOFFMAN,
'HARRY FRANCO,'	HON. JAS. KENT,	MRS. E. F. ELLET,
NATH. HAWTHORNE,	REV. WALTER COLTON,	JOHN NEILSON, Jr.,
MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY,	PRESIDENT DUER,	RUFUS DAWES,
REV. DR. BETHUNE,	JOSEPH BARBER,	HON. B. W. RICHARDS,
MISS LESLIE,	MISS H. F. GOULD,	HORACE GREELEY,
W. D. GALLAGHER,	HON. JUDGE HALL, (ILL.)	REV. DR. PISE,
HON. JUDGE CONRAD,	WILLIAM L. STONE,	GEORGE LUNT,
DR. O. W. HOLMES,	REV. DR. BRANTLEY,	W. C. REDFIELD,
JOSEPH C. NEAL,	W. GILMORE SIMMS,	H. T. TUCKERMAN,
PROF. HITCHCOCK,	REV. W. B. O. PEABODY,	REV. DR. SCHROEDER,
MRS. E. C. EMBURY,	PROF. CHARLES ANTHON,	W. A. ROGERS.

Many of this noble corps have 'fallen by the way-side' in the journey of life:

but, thanks to the overruling care of a kind PROVIDENCE, by far the greater number of them still survive, in undiminished health, fame, and usefulness. Now, is it at all surprising that there *should* be, in a 'circulating medium,' through which so many minds communicated their thoughts, produced and clothed with befitting language in solitary labor, smoothed, strengthened, or harmonized by revision, and rendered impressive by those helps and researches, of which every *readable* correspondent will avail himself; is it surprising, we say, that in such a work, illumined by such minds, there *should* be the elements of an increasing and enduring popularity? Within five years, the KNICKERBOCKER's list of more than one hundred and fifty contributors, including several eminent writers from abroad, was wholly unequalled by any native periodical. What American Magazine (or European either, for that matter) besides this, ever presented in a single number articles from WASHINGTON IRVING, COOPER, BRYANT, HALLECK, LONGFELLOW, WHITTIER, STREET, General CASS, and the 'American in Paris?' — or a galaxy of more gifted writers of *any* country? Not one, it is confidently asserted. It should be added, moreover, that the most eminent of its contributors were not the least frequently encountered in the KNICKERBOCKER. Mr. IRVING had an average of three articles in the different departments of each number of the work, after his permanent connection with it; Mr. COOPER followed up his first paper with others equally spirited; and it may well be doubted whether Mr. BRYANT ever penned finer lines than 'The Prairies,' 'The Arctic Lover to his Mistress,' his magnificent poem 'The Winds,' his equally noble 'Antiquity of Freedom,' 'An Evening Reverie,' etc.; or whether Professor LONGFELLOW ever exceeded his several beautiful 'Psalms of Life,' or his 'Saga of the Skeleton in Armor;' or Mr. WARE, his voluminous 'Letters from Palmyra,' and 'Letters from Rome;' all of which had their origin in the KNICKERBOCKER.

But after all, we must be permitted to say, that it was *before* the distinguished literary names which head the foregoing extended list had appeared in our Tables of Contents, that many less known writers had made themselves an excellent reputation as contributors, and added largely to the attractions of the work. JOHN W. GOULD, long since deceased, and whose name does not even appear, as it should have done, beside that of his brother, EDWARD S. GOULD, in the foregoing list, was one among the most popular of our early correspondents. His short sea-sketches, 'The Cruise of a Guineaman,' 'My First and Last Flogging,' 'The Mutiny,' 'The Pirate of the South Pacific,' and one or two others, were in their kind as spirited and effective as any of the similar writings of MARRYAT, or the author of 'TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.' Well did he depict the petty tyranny of the deck of a small man-of-war, in those days — well present to the ear and the eye of his reader the roar and dash of the 'cold, terrible sea.' His 'situations,' dramatically speaking, were all natural; and his style, of pure, nervous English, was as pellucid as amber.

In the numbers in which young GOULD wrote, was a series of papers, from the pen of JAMES BROOKS, now and for so many years senior-editor of 'The New-York Express' daily journal, under the title, 'Our Own Country.' They abounded in, and most eloquently inculcated, the noblest patriotism. The object of the writer, (in which he abundantly succeeded, for there was scarcely a journal in the Union, East, West, North, and South, which did not copy the articles as they appeared,)

was to awaken in the young American a love for his own land ; to fix his eyes, his thoughts, his heart, *here*. The annexed brief passage, with which the series concludes, will afford our present readers a fair 'sample' of the spirit and style of the papers in question :

'THERE is, among us, it cannot be disguised, a tendency to *matter* rather than to *mind*. A few choice spirits keep alive the vestal fire, but the mass of our countrymen demand what is practical rather than what is intellectual. This is visible in the universal scramble for property ; in the adoration manifested for wealth ; in the small encouragement, as yet, of the fine arts ; in the little reward which Genius has hitherto received at the hands of our countrymen, while it is cherished every where else. But what more could be expected ? We have but just finished laying the foundations of an empire. We have had two wars to fight—both fierce and bloody. The war-whoop is not yet over. The infernal yell of the savage has just ceased to startle us. The musket is now laid down, and the pen, the pencil, and the chisel begin to be taken up. The great West is opening its rivers and prairies for a reading and a thinking population. As we grow in our growth then, and strengthen in our strength, we will build upon the foundations which our fathers left us. We will rear the fabric of FREE GOVERNMENT to the skies. We will adorn and embellish it, and make it beautiful in the eyes of all men. We will kindle such a light on the American shore as shall illuminate the earth. Do not here accuse me of prophecy. Prophecy has ever done us injustice, and for very cowardice, lagged behind the day. Imagination, even, can hardly portray the destiny that awaits us, if we preserve our Liberty and our Union. God has promised us a renowned existence, if we will but deserve it. He speaks this promise in the sublimity of Nature. It resounds all along the crags of the Alleghanies. It is uttered in the thunder of Niagara. It is heard in the roar of two oceans, from the great Pacific to the rocky ramparts of the Bay of Fundy. His finger has written it in the broad expanse of our Inland Seas, and traced it out by the mighty Father of Waters ! The august TEMPLE in which we dwell was built for lofty purposes. Oh ! that we may consecrate it to LIBERTY and CONCORD, and be found fit worshippers within its holy walls !'

'The pen, the pencil, and the chisel,' says the writer of the foregoing, 'begin to be taken up.' Perhaps he was reminded of this latter implement of art, by an article in the preceding number, entitled, '*Sketch of a Self-made Sculptor* ;' the subject being none other than HIRAM POWERS, who created the 'Greek Slave.' It was from the pen of Mr. B. B. THATCHER, of Boston, an occasional correspondent. It was written, if we remember correctly, from Cincinnati ; and, as Mr. POWERS often gratefully declared, was the first publication concerning him, his genius, and his works, east of the Alleghany mountains, which extended his then just-rising reputation, and opened up to him the path to success, and consequent fame. It traced him from his boyish 'clock-making,' in the pleasant little village in Vermont, where he was born ; where he made small wind-mills, mill-dams, water-wheel trip-hammers ; where he cast pewter ordnance, of various calibre ; learned to draw, and *did* draw with much effect ; until, after having 'adventured' to the West, he found himself in Cincinnati, repairing and making wax-figures, learning, from a Prussian instructor, the use of modelling-tools and plaster—the first step in his professional education. It was here, in this Western Museum, that he con-

structed that *awful* apparatus, which exhibited '*The Infernal Regions*:' the most diabolically-effective thing of the kind ever seen in America. MAELZEL, of 'Automaton Chess-Player' memory, expressed his great admiration of it. Its vitality and vigor and scenic effects were startling, 'to a degree,' as was attested by thousands upon thousands who saw it after its removal to *our* Museum: where our old friend BARNUM, dressed like the DEVIL, with his cloven foot and lithe barbed-tail poised over his arm, directed with its arrow-like point the attention of the visitors to a poor culprit trying to get upon the cool side of a coal, and to the sudden emergence from his den of a monstrous fiery serpent, spouting flame from his black forked tongue — a 'devouring fire,' which caused a country-observer, who sat near us, to exclaim, in undisguisable alarm, as he advanced toward him, 'Git cōut, you p'ison critter!' But to nip this digression in the bud: it is pleasant now, when the arts of painting and sculpture are so generally appreciated, encouraged, *rewarded*, among us, to reflect, that it was the chisel of sharp Necessity which first chipped out the outline of a Statue of SUCCESS, of which, thanks to the taste, the liberality, and the advanced and constantly advancing refinement of our countrymen, there are now many MODELS.

Our heart warms, in thinking 'about these days' of old MAGA, and the many then undistinguished friends, who came forward, as a 'labor of love,' to throw the aid of their talents into the common intellectual stock of the work. There was a little group of young and rising professional men, in their snug bachelor quarters in Fulton-street, near Broadway, warm friends, from the first and to the last, of the EDITOR, whom it is especially proper to name and to individualize 'in this connection.' Brave, noble EDWARD SANFORD, who smiled away the laden boat from the sinking Arctic, 'as if he were bidding his friends good-by, to meet at the ASTOR-HOUSE for dinner,' was one of them; DAVID GRAHAM, a life-long friend, and most genial of companions, was another, whose '*Leaves from the Diary of a Lawyer*' won wide and cordial praise: Dr. T. O. PORTER, with whose cherished memory 'troops of friends' will associate kindred qualities; and E. T. THROOP MARTIN, the amusing 'Penny-a-Liner,' whose '*Odds and Ends*,' in which the driest humor and most tender pathos alternately predominated — these were of the 'boys' aforesaid: and of the 'days' aforesaid, those were to them the most halcyon, we venture to say, of their lives: for they were without care or sorrow. All these have passed hence, save the last-named; who, in the enjoyment of a benignant and happy fortune, and surrounded by all that can render this life felicitous, will read, in his beautiful library, on the banks of the blue Owasco, this 'reminiscence of an earlier time.' We wonder if he could *now* enjoy, as he once did, 'music for the million.' Upon this theme, as a 'touch of his quality,' hear the 'Penny-a-Liner' descant for a moment:

'WHEN the warm South breeze comes lazily up the bay, comforting the poor fellows who have been shivering through the late long winter; insinuating itself through the rents in their pantaloons and the holes in their coats, and making their naked limbs to rejoice with its genial influence; at such a time, it is my delight to take my seat on the stone foundation of the Park fence, opposite PEALE'S Museum, and listen to the music which is thence nightly dispensed. Our audience is large, and not perhaps

what would be called 'select.' But we are all amateurs, really and unaffectedly fond of music. We assemble, not to show ourselves — 'to see and to be seen' — but to hear. Any little difficulties that it might naturally be supposed would arise about seats, are avoided by the high-toned and conciliatory spirit of the audience. The regulations of the street are well settled and well known. There are no 'front seats reserved for the ladies;' no 'private boxes;' no 'Seats taken in Box Number Two,' or Box 'Number Thirteen.' There are no noisy cries, such as disturb the audience at other places of amusement: no calls of 'TROLLOPE!' as at the Park; no yells of 'Down in front!' as at the Bowery; no cries of 'Hats off!' as at the Broadway 'Tabernacle;' no joining in the chorus by the audience, as at the 'FRANKLIN.' All is decency and order. Every thing is regulated by the great and glorious principle of *equality*. The gentleman who first gets the best seat, keeps it as long as he pleases, and when he vacates it, the one who happens to be nearest, takes it. The best seats are on the foundations of the fence, and as I generally go early, I usually secure one there. Next to these, the curb-stone is considered the most eligible. After these, come the leaning-places, such as the pillars of the fence, lamp-posts, etc. The performance commences at 'early candle-lighting,' and continues generally until about eleven o'clock. The well-known modesty of the performers forbids me to speak of them in the terms which my gratitude would prompt; but I may be permitted to remark, that better music can no where be had for less money. If I might be allowed to make a distinction, where distinctions are always invidious, I should say that the gentleman who performs on the clarionet and he who blows the French-horn, are both of them performers of peculiar power and great wind. The audience, some few evenings since, came very near having some difficulty; indeed we *did* have a little one with the gentlemen who frequent the walk in front of the 'American Museum,' touching these two performers. It was asserted by the gentlemen from the American Museum, that the Fiddle and Horn, down there, played 'Oft in the Stilly Night' and 'The Last Rose of Summer' better than the Clarionet and Horn at PEALE'S. After going down to the American Museum, and hearing the airs performed there, we brought the gentlemen in the opposition up to listen to our own band. We waited patiently until the tune was played entirely through, and then, finding that our opponents did not yield the point to us, we undertook to box their ears a little, in the hope that it might improve their hearing. At this they were offended, and commenced a quarrel, which at length grew so serious, that a large portion of the assemblage found lodgings for the night in the rear of the City-Hall, and in the morning were subjected to a very officious questioning from Mr. Justice LOWNDES.'

This is simply a specimen of our 'Penny-a-Liner's easy, natural style. He loved New-York 'because it was *what it was*.' If he saw a fight, he joined the ring, and held the hats and coats, seeing fair play, and abstracting neither handkerchief nor pocket-book: was always on hand when a man was run over, or fell from a building; helped to carry him to the nearest apothecary's, and was always one of those who was inside when the doors were closed. He 'paraded' with the 'Light Guards' and 'TOMPKINS Blues,' and was not too proud to march along with the boys on the side-walk, and keep step with the music, for it aroused his 'American feelings,' and made him think of the Revolution: and he attended all fires, and funerals — 'particularly if there were carriages in attendance,' in which he could ride, and 'mourn' quietly, and at his leisure. In short, he was a most amusing and ubiquitous 'Bohemian,' and a philosopher with all-embracing sympathies.

At the same time with the 'Penny-a-Liner's numbers, were being published in consecutive issues the '*Letters from Palmyra*,' by the Rev. WILLIAM WARE, of Boston. These beautiful 'Letters' attained at once to eminent distinction. The boldness of the plan — rolling back the tide of Time, and placing his readers in ancient Palmyra, when as yet it was in all its resplendent glory; the exquisite purity of the style, 'smooth as the sussurations of a stream in Eden;' the perfect *naturalness* of the characters, and their fidelity to history; and the entire *vraisemblance* of all the accessories of the great panorama which was moving before the eye, and stamping itself upon the mind and heart of the reader — these were the characteristics which established for the 'Palmyra Letters' a popularity, which was enhanced to their very close, when several editions of them, under the title of 'ZENOBIA, or the Fall of Palmyra,' were issued, both in this country and in England. Mr. WARE was greatly beloved by all who knew him: a fine scholar, of the rarest refinement; of the most amiable social qualities: in fine, a true CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN. The 'Letters from Rome,' which followed those from Palmyra, would, if they had *not* followed them, have made the reputation of any American. These, like their predecessors, were re-published in England and America, under the title of 'PROBUS, a Roman Record,' and were deservedly well received. He died in the maturity of his powers widely lamented as an author, a man, and a friend.

Simultaneously in the volumes of the KNICKERBOCKER which contained the 'Letters from Palmyra' and the 'Letters from Rome,' appeared also papers, sometimes extending to two or three numbers, which in three or four instances, came to be looked for with anxiety and welcomed with delight. Lieutenants BURTS and CHIPMAN, of the United States' Navy, (of whom, and of whose separate and individual history, in connection with our Magazine, gossip-wise 'more anon,') may here be alluded to. 'JACK MARLINSPIKE'S YARNS,' by the first-named, had much of the life and infectious spirit which characterize the writings of CHARLES LEVER, variously known, in this country, by his own cognomen, 'CHARLES O'MALLEY,' and by the names of one or two other of his fictitious but naturally-drawn characters. Lieut. CHIPMAN'S sketches were fragmentary, but *wholly involuntary*, whether suggested by observation, 'springing from the occasion,' or by reminiscence of 'days which were no more.' To show how necessary it was for him to jot down his literally '*passing* thoughts:' we were walking with him, one pleasant summer morning, past the Bowling-Green, and that piece of 'chaste practice' in architecture, as Mr. PECKSNIFF would doubtless have called it, the original Stone-Pile Fountain which adorned that locality. Lieut. CHIPMAN was greatly amused with the Flamingoes, which were stalking around in the circular basin; now running their heads far under the water, now standing on one leg, but in each and every position which they assumed, looking as ungainly and ugly as any birds, of similar grace and 'build,' could possibly look. While sitting under the awning over the delightful baths of our old friend Dr. RABINEAU, at Castle-Garden, toward which we had been walking, CHIPMAN took out his pencil, and 'scratched off,' as he termed it, on a bit of paper, the following lines, which are as perfect as a faithful picture, as they are odd and original in their versification. The writer is sup-

posed to have just been reading a 'chorus of spirits' in a new German play, and to have caught his 'inspiration' from the appropriate 'stand-point.'

Natural History: The Flamingo.

FIRST VOICE.

'Oh! tell me have you ever seen a long legg'd Flamingo?
Oh! tell me have you ever seen in the water him go?'

SECOND VOICE.

'Oh! yes, at Bowling-Green I've seen a long legg'd Flamingo,
Oh! yes, at Bowling-Green I've seen in the water him go.'

FIRST VOICE.

'Oh! tell me did you ever see a bird so funny stand-o,
When forth he from the water comes and gets upon the land-o?'

SECOND VOICE.

'No! in my life I ne'er did see a bird so funny stand-o,
When forth he from the water comes and gets upon the land-o.'

FIRST VOICE.

'He has a leg some three feet long, or near it, so they say, Sir,
Stiff upon one alone he stands, t'other he stows away, Sir.'

SECOND VOICE.

'And what an ugly head he's got! I wonder that he'd wear it,
But rather *more*, I wonder that his long, slim neck can bear it.'

FIRST VOICE.

'And think, this length of neck and legs, (no doubt they have their uses,)
Are members of a little frame, much smaller than a goose's!'

BOTH.

'Oh! is n't he a curious bird, that red long-legg'd Flamingo?
A water bird, a gawky bird, a sing'lar bird, by Jingo!'

When we were passing the Bowling-Green, on our return, one of the grotesque birds was standing silent and sorrowful on one leg, the other upheld and crossing it, like the figure four, from which depended a flaunting rag that he had fished up.

Look,' said CHIPMAN, 'that fellow has got his flag at half-mast: wonder who's dead in his lovely family!'

It would be supererogatory, we think, to dwell here upon a series of articles from the pen of WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, which was commenced about this period in the progress of the KNICKERBOCKER, and which was as generally read, as cordially admired, and as widely copied, (in 'convenient parcels,' at least,) in the newspapers of the day, as any other contributions which ever appeared in the work. Their mingled wit, pathos, humor, poetry, genial feeling — all came from the writer's heart. Every reader *felt* this — every reader *knew* it. In his '*Literary Remains*,' four editions of which have been published, these 'Papers' have been made so familiar to the public, that farther reference to their character, in this connection, is rendered unnecessary. Coincident with the appearance of the '*Ollapodiana*' sketches, (which added much silver 'shot' to the 'locker' of the 'Old KNICK,') may be mentioned the extremely amusing and anecdotal '*Actor's Aloquy*,' by that versatile and most *mobile* of comedians, Mr. WILLIAM E. BUR-

TON; with poetry, and articles upon BARRY CORNWALL'S *Life of KEAN*, by FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

But we have scribbled far enough for *this* time. In our next, while we shall, (D.V.), like the 'Old English Gentleman,' 'ne'er forget the small,' we shall introduce the names of some of those whom our readers were wont to regard as the Literary Magnates of our pages: JOHN SANDERSON, author of 'The American in Paris,' (which GEOFFREY CRAYON said 'possessed superfluous wit enough to set up half a dozen modern writers,') WASHINGTON IRVING, HENRY BREVOORT, HENRY CARY, Esq., ('JOHN WATERS,') and other and kindred spirits. Meanwhile, let us close the present number with one or two familiar notelets from the latter, as indicating 'what *manner*' of correspondent he was. The following we submit, because the compliment which it passed upon 'that first appeal, 'which is to *the eye*,' of the KNICKERBOCKER, gratified us exceedingly at the time, and because, as our readers will admit, our present publisher, Mr. GRAY, on the same score, demands a kindred praise:

'Tuesday Evening.

'MY DEAR SIR: As I am going out of town for a day or two, I will not postpone acknowledging your kind note until my return, though I can have very little to say, after so short a possession of the November number, upon its general subject, as you desire me to do. There is always one very agreeable sensation that arises in my mind on laying my hand upon it and opening it. I feel that it is an *enfant chéri* with the editor or the publisher. There is nothing careless or slatternly about its appearance; and it wears a sort of god-motherly look, like a brat that, whatever his qualities may be, is well allied and well cared for. And this goes a good way as the world wags toward making friends.

'I was in hopes we should have had a few lines in HALLECK'S bright vein, or a thought or two out of the deep heart of BRYANT, rising like dolphins in their effortless grace and beauty. Not perceiving any intimation of this for the December number, I send you a few stanzas that may do to fill up. I have written to Chelsea (near Boston) for some memoranda of the Namptwich Inn-Servant, but I am not certain of its coming in time, and I want it for the names, etc. *Rien n'est beau que le vrai*, at any rate, certainly nothing is *so* beautiful, and the nearer one can get to it the better. IRVING'S exquisite pictures are taken from the life; and in the art itself, the reason why a copy never equals the original, is that the soul of the painter, in the almost holy quiet of the studio, has breathed itself forth in the colors of the canvas. The colors and the stillness remain perceptible to all; and observation teaches the affection, the passion, so that the spirit of the artist still seems to hover over his favorite work, and to reveal itself to the kindred emotions of the true lover of the art. But I am prosing. I shall attend to the subject as soon as I get the notes from Chelsea.

'Faithfully yours,

J. W.'

Coming from one who exhibited in every thing, however small, which concerned himself or his surroundings, the utmost order and elegance, this encomium by 'Sir HUBERT STANLEY' was 'praise indeed.' The subjoined contains an anecdote which embodies a valuable lesson, so felicitously enforced, that we cannot withhold it from our readers:

'Monday Evening.

'MY DEAR SIR: I have your most kind note, and find no emendations to suggest as to the copy of the Inn, which appears to me quite well done; and I quite agree with

you, that hardly any one will take the trouble to reflect that the Manor of Hyde had not in the days of VILLIERS been converted into a park. I remember a clergyman in New-England, that when 'the rains descended and the floods came and the winds blew,' carried away in the pulpit in the height of his ardor the wrong house, and left that *standing* that was built upon the sand. After the services were over, I ventured to observe to my uncle, Parson CARY (whose assistant had been preaching) that this seemed to be a new reading to the parable, and that I wondered when Mr. A — had discovered his error, as he did at the time of reiteration, that he did not correct it. My uncle defended his curate, and observed, that if he had *then* corrected himself, he would have carried away *both* houses, which was utterly in opposition to all Scripture. Part of the audience, said he, were asleep, and many of the rest so drowsy that so long as one of the houses was taken off, the moral was enforced upon their perceptions as well by the one as the other. If he had made a *thorough* correction, he would have roused the attention of the whole parish, and nothing else would have been talked of for nine days. When a man has made an error, he had better let other people make a discovery; and this truth, my lad, said he, you will understand better when you grow up.

'I shall be very happy to dine with you on Wednesday at any hour you please: to-morrow is the only engagement that I now have for the week until Saturday. If, therefore, Thursday or Friday should be more convenient to you than Wednesday, pray let me know, when you fix the hour.

'I am, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

H. CARY.'

Apropos of Letters: here ensues one from the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, which is so cordial, and so characteristic of the man and the gentleman, that we shall offer no apology for gratifying the reader with its perusal; since, after the lapse of twenty years, we shall violate no propriety or courtesy by its publication:

'Boston, 15 Feb., 1839.

'DEAR SIR: I have your favor of the 12th, accompanied with the first two numbers of the thirteenth volume of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE. I have run through their contents, as far as I could in the few hours since I received the numbers, with much gratification. They seem to me, for the most part, of an order of merit quite above the average of the periodicals of this class, American or English. My judgment, however, may possibly be a little bribed, by the favorable notice of my address before the Mercantile Library Association, contained in the February number.

'I wish it were in my power to comply with the request, so courteously urged by you, that I would furnish something for your pages. If I do not, it is not for want of good will to place myself in the excellent company of your contributors, with which you tempt me, or to show my readiness to co-operate with you in an enterprise so meritorious, as the conduct of a literary journal. But the truth is, I came to the conclusion some time since, that I have devoted too much time to the composition of articles for the literary journals, and to addresses on public occasions. I have been a contributor to the *North-American Review* since it was first published in 1815; but in handing to its editor an article on Mr. SPARKS' edition of WASHINGTON's writings, which appeared in the number for last October, I expressed to him the purpose of retiring altogether from that field of labor. I have said the same to the conductors of (I think) all the periodicals published in the Atlantic States — I mean the literary magazines — in reply to the request, with which they have at different times honored me, to contribute to their journals.

'It has been a day-dream of my life to devote myself to some literary undertaking of magnitude. If I am ever to realize this dream, it is time, at the age of near forty-five, to commence the work; and as the first step in the process, to redeem from miscellaneous efforts of fugitive interest and character the little leisure, which official and social duties leave me. However this may be, having, within a few weeks, excused myself to the editors of two respectable literary journals, I suppose I could not with consistency appear as a contributor to any other.

'I have made a long story about a small matter. You must not think I suppose you consider it one of great consequence. With the powerful assistance you have — particularly with such contributors as IRVING, HALLECK, BRYANT, and your Governor, enough of themselves to give substantial fame to any journal — my aid can be of little moment. I was only desirous, at the risk of seeming to talk a little too much of myself, to give you what I hope you will think a satisfactory excuse, for non-compliance with a request, by which, in the manner in which it is made, I cannot but feel myself flattered.

'With the best wishes for the success of your journal, I am, dear Sir, very respectfully your obedient servant,

EDWARD EVERETT.

'Allow me to request that my name may be entered on the list of subscribers to the KNICKERBOCKER.'

This letter proves, to our conception, the wholly patriotic motives of Mr. EVERETT, in yielding to the liberal offer of Mr. BONNER, in the case of the *New-York Ledger*. 'It was the cause, *the cause*,' which prompted him to forego his personal inclinations; a noble cause, to which he is devoting the closing efforts of a life of eminent distinction and usefulness, and with which his name and fame will forever be inseparably associated.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN VERSE.—So simple and beautiful, in its universal form, is The Lord's Prayer, that it would seem well nigh impossible to transfer it to verse, preserving at the same time its perfect purity and spirit of language and invocation. The annexed, from whose hand we know not, is certainly a very near approach to perfection in the rendering:

OUR Heavenly FATHER, hear our prayer:
 Thy name be hallowed every where;
 Thy kingdom come: Thy perfect will
 In earth, as heaven, let all fulfil;
 Give this day's bread that we may live;
 Forgive our sins, as we forgive:
 Help us temptation to withstand;
 From evil shield us by Thy hand:
 Now and forever unto THEE
 The kingdom, power, and glory be.'

Shall we be pardoned for saying, that in repeating the Lord's Prayer, in the beautiful service of our Church, we employ the word '*Abandon* us not to temptation,' instead of '*Lead* us not into temptation?' '*Leave* us not to temptation,' were perhaps as well. 'When *sinner*s entice thee to sin, consent thou not:' shall HE '*who is without sin*,' lead us into temptation? Is it not barely possible that there may be a wrong translation from the Original, in King JAMES's version?

FOSTER HALE: INVENTOR OF RAISED LETTERS FOR THE BLIND. — We give place with pleasure to the subjoined well-deserved tribute to one who has been one of 'the greatest benefactors of the age to one unfortunate class of the family of man.' It seems particularly melancholy, that a man who had poured such a tide of happiness through many a sufferer's heart, should himself close his useful career under circumstances of such need and wretchedness :

'We were a band of emigrants bound for the prairies of the 'far West.' We stood on the deck of a vessel which was leaving the harbor of Mobile for the 'Island City' of Galveston. A gentleman stood beside me, holding by the hand a delicate boy of twelve years. We were silent, as all emigrants are, looking at the receding shores which skirted either side of the beautiful bay with a dark green fringe of rich foliage.

'Farewell, Alabama! Beneath the shade of your forest-trees I've passed many moments of joy, and alas! as many of bitterness,' said the gentleman, as if speaking to himself. He had given utterance to the thought which filled my own bosom. I approached him! 'Are you a native of Alabama, Sir?'

'No: not a native; my child is!' laying his hand on the curly head of the boy beside him. The rosy face was turned toward me: tears hung on the silken lashes, but the eyes were sightless. Instinctively I drew nearer, and took his small hand in mine. Blind! what an appeal to the sympathies of the human heart! Who can look into a fair young face, destitute of God's greatest gift, without the deepest emotion; without the highest and holiest feelings of pity and tenderness, for the young life doomed to eternal darkness! Destined to pass through the weary stages of an existence of perpetual night!

'Blind! bereft of the cheering sun-shine, of the wealth of beauty a beneficent PROVIDENCE has scattered in wild profusion on earth, sea, sky, and air! Blind! shut out from all beauty, light, and smiles of love! How cheerless the future, how dreary the present, and how full of gloom the past! Ah! well may the father of a blind child speak of bitter moments!

'The gentleman continued, perceiving that I was interested in the little fellow: 'When I was convinced that my child was blind for life — for it was a long time before I could believe that HEAVEN had so afflicted me — I applied myself to devise plans to instruct him; to open fields of thought to his inquiring mind; to place within his reach means of amusement independent of external objects. I procured raised letters, and taught him to read. Though very small and delicate in appearance, he is now twelve years of age, and possesses the information of many youths of eighteen. I have great cause to bless the efforts of the wise and good in behalf of the blind. My poor boy has stored in his memory abundant food for thought; and his weary hours have become golden moments of study and research in companionship with the greatest minds of earth.'

'Indeed, Sir,' I replied, 'we have great cause to be thankful for the philanthropic movements in the cause of the blind; it has ever been a subject of the deepest interest to me; and the numerous asylums and institutions for the blind, erected in all portions of our country, show that our people are not entirely sordid and selfish; there are those who can feel for the afflicted, and work for their benefit. Among the noblest of these, is the late FOSTER HALE, the inventor of raised letters for the use of the blind. He died a few days ago, in Selma, Alabama, the town in which I lived. I

saw him once. I was at the house of a friend in the suburbs of the city, when a man clothed in tattered garments entered the yard.

“‘Oh! there he is again!’ said my friend.

“‘Who is it?’ I asked.

“‘Do you know,’ she said, ‘that this is the third day that man has come here for something to eat?’

“‘At this moment the person alluded to entered the room, with a slow, heavy step.

“‘I have come again,’ he simply said.

“‘My friend arose, and offered him a chair; but he sat down on the steps, and leaned his head against a post of the portico. He took off his old battered hat, and wiped his face with a soiled dark-colored pocket-handkerchief. His face was expressive of intellect and benevolence, although tangled hair and matted beard made him look like a wretched outcast.

“‘My friend left the room, and in a few moments returned with a plate of cold meat and a bowl of milk, which she gave him. He took it in silence. No word was spoken while he partook of his meal. When he had finished eating, he arose, and holding his old hat in his hand, bowed reverently to my friend, and said: ‘You have fed me thrice. God bless you! You do not know who I am: I am not what I seem. Lady! wretched as I appear in this squalid poverty, I have a heart to appreciate kindness: once again, God bless you!’ Gathering his mean rags around him, he descended the steps, and passed out of the gate, returning in the direction he came.

“‘The next morning’s paper announced, ‘that a man had dropped dead on the sidewalk.’ Letters in his pocket proved him to be ‘FOSTER HALE, the inventor of raised letters for the use of the blind.’ I afterward ascertained, that it was the same singular person whom my friend had fed. What had brought him to this want can only be conjectured; or what was the cause of his death, is equally a mystery. I have since seen several blind persons, who have derived untold pleasure from his noble invention; and when this short account of the last moments of their benefactor was narrated to them, tears have fallen from their sightless eyes. When in imagination they saw him tired and worn, clad in tattered garments, sitting on the door-way of a stranger, receiving from the hand of a generous-hearted woman the bread of charity, sorrow and grief were expressed, that was denied at his lonely burial; tears, bright glistening tears have fallen, that were lacking when his remains were consigned, by one or two stranger-hands, to an unwept and unmarked grave!’

‘A short sob fell on my ear: the blind boy at my side, with his face buried in his hands was convulsed with weeping: the father, too, leaned over the railing, and silently tears rolled down his cheek.

‘Steadily the good ship pursued her course, bearing us far from the homes and friends we loved: the glittering spray jewelled her prow, as it furrowed the bosom of the calm bay. The deck was deserted by the throng which had assembled to see the last blue line of land: we alone, a group of three, remained. The father was absorbed in his own thoughts: the blind boy came silently to me, and said softly: ‘Lady, will you write that story of the good FOSTER HALE, who has done so much for the blind little children in the world?’ He continued with deep emotion, and with a fervor which surprised me: ‘He would deserve an obituary for teaching one blind boy to read of the great, glorious world in which he lives, but is shut out from, by a curtain of darkness that will never be lifted. Thousands of little children, who are always *in the night*, will bless the name of the inventor of raised letters, and weep when they think of his lonely, unhonored, and uncared-for grave!’

F. R. M.’

‘*Corpus Christi, Texas.*’

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—In our May number, in a notice of the 'Memoirs of Colonel BENJAMIN TALLMADGE, of the Revolution,' recently published by his son, Hon. FREDERICK A. TALLMADGE, we made mention of an interesting autographic letter of WASHINGTON, and one of Mr. FENIMORE COOPER, which we had forwarded (through Mr. JOHN B. BROWN, our long-time correspondent, and long-time United States Dragoman, at Constantinople,) to Prince DOLGOROUKI, then Resident Minister from Russia at the Sublime Porte. In introducing the subjoined courteous and characteristic acknowledgment, it will not be amiss to remark, on the authority of Mr. BROWN, that the PRINCE possessed, at that time, one of the richest collections of autographs extant; and that he designed presenting it to his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor NICHOLAS. He had previously expressed himself highly gratified at receiving, from the hands of Mr. BROWN, an autograph of 'the eminent General ANDREW JACKSON:'

'Teheran, the 28th of March, 1846.

'SIR: I profit of my first leisure moment, to offer you my most sincere thanks for the obliging letter which you did me the honor to write to me, and for the autographs which I have received, through your kind intermediation. Thanks to your goodness, I am at last in possession of the hand-writing of the greatest man of modern times; and it is with full reason of justice that you term him the 'Father of your Country.'

'Certainly I did not expect that your celebrated novelist, M. FENIMORE COOPER, would give himself the trouble to write to me the few lines which I have received from him, so full of kindly and obliging expressions. You will oblige me, Sir, very much, by kindly forwarding the inclosed, in reply to this celebrated writer of your country.'

'(Signed)

DOLGOROUKI.'

We remember forwarding to this 'celebrated novelist of our country' at Coopers-town, with the PRINCE's note of acknowledgment to himself, a copy of the foregoing brief but expressive communication. - - - Some body, we know not whom, in certain '*Reminiscences of General Andrew Jackson*,' sends us the following: 'Every body must sanction the kindness bestowed by General JACKSON on his favorite war-horse, and the more than ordinary honor paid him after death by the brave master and family. Why? Because he was a faithful servant and an efficient helper in the day of trouble — in the hour of danger. I was often reminded of his praiseworthy remembrance of fidelity and merit, cherished toward his famous 'OLD DUKE,' the horse he rode during his Southern campaign. Though 'DUKE' grew feeble, was greatly afflicted, withered, and almost helpless in his latter day, he was not forgotten, nor suffered to be neglected. I have, in a walk with the General, more than once gone to the lot which contained this living wreck of martial valor, and while the old creature would reel and stagger, looking wishfully at his master, the General would sighingly say: 'Ah! poor fellow! we have seen hard times together; we must shortly separate; your days of suffering and toil are well nigh ended.' On one of these occasions, to try the General on a tender point, I suggested the idea of putting an end to the sufferings of 'DUKE,' by having him shot or knocked in the head. 'No,' said his generous master, 'never,

never! — let him live: and while there is any thing grows upon this farm, DUKE shall have a part.' Does our friend remember a similar affection, on the part of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, for an entire troop of horse, which had wintered and summered with him in the long wars of the Peninsula, and finally at the battle of Waterloo? He had them all liberated from farther service, and sent to Strathfield-saye; and there, in a large and fertile paddock, they were left to live at their ease, and tranquilly await that final end which all horse-flesh is heir to. But they could not forget their old 'mission.' Whenever a summer storm came up, and thunder and lightning filled the air, that troop of horse, as if smelling 'the battle afar off,' would form in line, and rush toward the storm-cloud as if they saw the glittering spear and the shield, heard the roar of artillery, and 'the noise of the captains and the shouting.' - - - Is not the following 'cute'-icle 'pretty good, considering?' It comes from a new correspondent: 'From somewhere in the far north, where morals and piety are said most to abound, to this land of the 'orange and myrtle,' came, some years since, a Mr. THOMPSON. He was a fine specimen of the Yankee — industrious, curious, wiry, pious, and particularly priding himself on being sharp. In fact, so well he 'laid his lime,' in a few years he had well 'feathered his nest;' and was at the time our tale begins, the owner of land and slaves. A short time since, another Yankee came to THOMPSON's neighborhood: one CRAWFORD, who combined the calling of clock-peddler with school-keeping. These worthies were soon together; and no sooner together, than, true to their instincts, they were driving a trade. THOMPSON contracted to board CRAWFORD for one year, at the rate of ten dollars per month. As CRAWFORD's calling would compel him to be absent much of his time, it was stipulated in the agreement, that a credit of twenty-five cents should be allowed him for each meal taken from home during the year. At the end of the year, THOMPSON rendered his account to CRAWFORD thus:

'MR. CRAWFORD to THOMPSON, Dr.

'To 1 year's board,	\$120.00
'Requesting an early settlement.'	

CRAWFORD received the bill, 'took the matter under advisement,' as our Judge, old KIRK RODGERS, always says, when he has determined to give judgment contrary to the law and evidence; and the next day handed THOMPSON the following account current:

'MR. THOMPSON to CRAWFORD, Dr.

'To 500 meals from home, 25 cts.,	\$125.00
'By board, 1 year,	\$120.00
'To balance due,	\$5.00
'Prompt payment of the above small balance is respectfully solicited.'	

After some delay, settlement was made, to the mutual disgust of the parties. CRAWFORD

'Arose, and twitched his mantle blue,
And hied away to fresh fields and pastures new.'

Poor THOMPSON, feeling within that this enervating climate had unfitted him for secular pursuits, turned his attention to the ministry. He is now a laborious and

zealous itinerant preacher, and doing much good, I learn, in mending the manners and morals of his back-woods parishioners. Should THOMPSON take umbrage at the publication of this — for he adds 'fighting' to his other accomplishments — refer him to the undersigned, who will promptly apologise, and retract every thing offensive herein.' - - - LORD CAMPBELL, of England, has been trying to prove, in an elaborate volume, published a few months since, that SHAKSPEARE was a lawyer. He professes himself not only greatly amazed by the number of legal phrases and forensic allusions of the Bard of Avon, but the accuracy and propriety with which they are uniformly introduced. We have poets, it would seem, even in this our day, who excel in this kind; as witness the following '*Ode to Spring, written in a Lawyer's Office*,' said to be from the pen of TAYLOR, author of '*Our American Cousin*:'

'WHEREAS on sundry boughs and sprays,
Now divers birds are heard to sing;
And sundry flowers their heads upraise —
Hail to the coming on of Spring!

'The songs of the said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As young and green as the said boughs,
As fresh and fair as the said flowers.

'The birds aforesaid, happy pairs!
Love midst the aforesaid boughs enshrines
In household nests, themselves, their heirs,
Administrators, and assigns.

'O busiest term of CUPID's court!
When tender plaintiffs actions bring:
Season of frolic and of sport,
Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring!'

We don't know how this may strike others; but we have read it a score of times, and never without awakening the echoes of the sanctum, at the utter ludicrousness of the very adroit mingling of poetry and legal nomenclature which the stanzas present. - - - 'WHAT did you give that blood-mare of yours the other day, when she had the *bots*?' asked a Wall-street broker of a friend from Long-Island. 'A pint of spirits of turpington. Good morning' — 'morning:' and they separated. Two days after, the same 'parties' met 'on the street.' 'Say, look o' here: I gave my mare a pint of turpington, and, by Jove, it killed her!' 'So it did mine!' was the reply: 'Good morning!' — 'morning!' And straightway they departed. Usual inquiries, these, of 'fast' young men about that period. It is somewhat different now. The first inquiry *now* is, 'How is your meerschaum coloring?' — and then follows the usual query as to the health of 'self and family.' We happened to overhear this colloquy the other morning: 'You know R. F —?' 'Well.' 'Well, Sir, he is in the Tombs, for forgery!' 'Good Ev'ings!' 'S a fact: and what a fool! His meerschaum was coloring beautifully: he was surrounded with works of art — he had 'GLEASON'S Pictorial' from the commencement — and he had at least eight thousand a year, beside a wife and two pretty children. *Was n't* he a fool?' - - - It was a lovely Sabbath morning, in the latter part of May, that we were returning from our little parish church. As we walked along in the pleasant sun-shine, past the 'bosky' hedges of evergreen that

bordered the path on either side, giving forth a sweet and pleasant odor, it so chanced that we were thinking of the *Universality of Application of the Church Service*. 'We could not but remember that such things were' *not*, in our days of juvenility; that, with all respect to the religious observances which attended our early 'broughtage up,' the long prayers to which we listened with childish impatience, were much more general than particular: only one class of our 'fellow-citizens throughout the world' being especially remembered: 'Bring in thine ancient covenant-people, *the Jews*:' was always cordially welcomed, as being the last thing to be thought of, and what was better, the last of the prayer. We knew that when the Jews came in, we should soon have a chance to go out. And so it was, that as we walked somewhat thoughtfully along, there came through the closed blinds of an open window, subdued but penetrating moans, repeated and continued, which would impress themselves upon any accustomed hearer, as if pricked with a bodkin upon the naked tympanum of the ear. As LONGFELLOW forcibly expresses it: we

—— 'RECOGNIZED the nameless agony,
The terror, and the tremor, and the pain:'

and we knew that a young mother's 'hour of sorrow, and of life's dearest joy,' was 'present with her.' And *then* it was, that we re-remembered the service which we had but just been repeating. Is there *any* class or condition of men that is omitted in that beautiful Litany? Setting aside all 'rulers and magistrates,' and 'all in authority,' how especially are all others remembered:

'STRENGTHEN such as do stand: comfort and help the weak-hearted: raise up those who fall.'

'Succour, help, and comfort, ALL who are in danger, necessity, and tribulation.'

'Preserve all who travel by land or by water; *all women in the perils of child-birth*; all sick persons, and young children; and *show thy pity upon all prisoners and captives*.'

'Defend and provide for the fatherless children and widows, and all who are desolate and oppressed.'

'We beseech thee to hear us, good LORD, that it may please THEE to have mercy upon *all Men*.'

Because of the incident we have mentioned — (mother and daughter are *better* than 'could be expected,' as we ascertained in a walk in that direction two days afterward) — and because, when we rose the winding path over the hill, and saw Sing-Sing Prison, eight miles off, over the Tappaän-Zee, shining and shimmering on the eastern border of the glassy flood, with its thousand inmates; because of these things, we put these few lines into this page. - - - PERHAPS the best thing any man can do, so far as 'conveying information' is concerned, is, if he 'has got any thing to say, to say it,' 'an' there an end.' Not so the 'gentleman of the *Old School*,' (bald head, bad grammar, knee-breeches, 'wisdom of the past,' and white top-boots,) in this our day and generation. 'What did that fellow run away for?' asked a friend last summer of one of these antediluvians, who replied: 'I am not aware, Sir, of the precise reason of his absence; but I apprehend, Sir, that he was apprehensive of being apprehended, and so left, to avoid apprehension!' 'Ah!' responded his interrogator, '*that's* it, is it? I did n't know!' The manners of

these 'gentlemen of the old school' are the perfection of form and ceremony 'B ——,' said our friend Governor SEWARD one morning, in our hearing, at the Executive Chamber in Albany, 'where is ——? Is n't he coming up?' 'Yes, I think he will be in before long: I left him *making a bow* as I came out of the room!' The Governor took his segar out of his mouth, and much 'lafture' ensued 'at the time,' we remember. - - - It is *nineteen years* since the following was sent us, in a distinguished cacography, by 'I. C. F.,' of Kensington, near Philadelphia. It was mislaid among some filed letters, and it now emerges for the first time from its pigeon-hole of the past. The writer says: 'I met with the following poem in an old number of the *Analectic Magazine*, sometime published in Philadelphia, by Master MOSES THOMAS. The first part is said to be an old composition, by an unknown hand. The second part was written by Mr. RALPH ERSKINE, a celebrated Dissenting minister of Dunfermline—a man of piety, learning, and genius. I make no doubt, their quaintness and originality will amuse many of your readers, to most of whom, I presume they are strangers.' We remember, as a boy, reading the 'First Part' of the poem, but we have never before encountered the second. Snatches of the first, 'poor POWER' used to sing, with touching effect, in his own play of 'St. PATRICK'S Eve,' in a scene which occurs the night before his anticipated execution, by command of FREDERICK the Great, 'Old FRITZ:'

Smoking Spiritualized.

PART FIRST

I.

'This Indian weed, now withered quite,
Though green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay:
All flesh is hay—
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

II.

'The pipe, so lily-like and weak,
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak:
Thou art e'en such,
Gone with a touch:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

III.

'And when the smoke ascends on high,
Then thou behold'st the vanity
Of worldly stuff—
Gone with a puff:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

IV.

'And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on thy soul defiled with sin:
For then the fire
It does require:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco:

V.

'And seest the ashes cast away,
Then to thyself thou mayest say,
That to the dust
Return thou must:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.'

PART SECOND.

I.

'Was this small plant for thee cut down,
So was the PLANT of Great Renown,
Which Mercy sends
For nobler ends:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

II.

'Doth juice medicinal proceed
From such a naughty foreign weed:
Then what's the power
Of Jesse's flower?—
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

III.

'The promise, like the pipe, inlays,
And by the mouth of Faith conveys
What virtue flows
From Sharon's Rose:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

IV.

'In vain the unlighted pipe you blow;
Your pains in outward means are so,
Till heavenly fire
Your hearts inspire:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

V.

'The smoke like burning incense towers:
So should a praying heart of yours
With ardent cries
Surmount the skies:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.'

If the friend be extant to whom we were indebted for this ingenious and quaint production, he will please accept our late yet hearty thanks for his 'esteemed favor,' so long delayed. - - - 'AN inveterate reader of the KNICKERBOCKER' writes from Fort Vancouver, (W.T.,) under date of March 27, as follows: 'In these dim and distant solitudes, your 'EDITOR'S Table' is always more welcome than 'flowers in May.' Much do I admire the jottings and etchings of the 'Little People,' given by our dear 'Old KNICK.' Some years ago I happened, by invitation, to be at the hospitable residence of 'Col. JACK H —,' on the Colorado River, in Texas, some distance below Austin, the capital of that State. The Colonel once was the best lawyer and 'whole-soudest' gentleman to be found in all that region; but not particularly 'given' to piety. His wife, on the contrary, was a very religious and admirable lady, and strove successfully to impress upon the minds of her children those holy teachings, which are so hard to forget in after-years. Among their little group of 'wingless angels,' was a 'Four-year Old,' who at the time of which I am writing, passed all his days in efforts to capture one of the myriads of sand-hill cranes, which at that season of the year very much 'congregate' in a large field in the 'Colorado bottom,' immediately in front of the Colonel's residence. So repeated and pertinacious had been his efforts to this end, that the cranes became used to it; and he could do every thing except catch one. One evening about sundown, he came home, weary and soiled, from another day of unsuccess. When his clothes had been changed and his face washed, he clambered upon the Colonel's knee, (we were sitting on the piazza, enjoying the fresh 'south wind,' that came 'stealing' up the Colorado, from the Mexican Sea, and watching just such a sunset as no one ever saw elsewhere than in Texas,) and asked him if what his mother had told him about good boys going to heaven was true? The Colonel, surprised and somewhat moved at the serious expression of the child's countenance, told him it was, and that every thing his mother told him was the truth. 'Then, pa,' said he, 'do'n't they turn to angels?' 'Yes,' replied the Colonel. 'Then they have wings?' 'Of course,' said the Colonel; 'if your mother told you so, yes.' 'Then I will be a good boy,' said our hero, with that indescribable look of solemnity which you sometimes see on the faces of the young; 'and I will die, and go to heaven, and be an angel, and have wings.' 'Why, why?' asked the father, now positively affected by the deportment of the infantine little fellow. 'Because,' said he, 'if I had wings, *I could catch a crane!*' I wish you to understand this is an actual, unvarnished *fact.*' - - - 'ALEXANDER MCPHERSON,' writes a Penn Yan, Yates County correspondent, 'was a man of talent, but 'slightually' addicted to things spiritual; and he became at the last fearfully regardless of his toilet. He had worn for a long time a 'shocking bad hat;' and upon entering ELLSWORTH'S store, in Penn Yan, one day, the proprietor proposed 'donating' to him a new one, provided he would extemporize in verse a few lines upon 'the hat aforesaid.' He immediately 'made right out of his head' the following:

'My old hat —
Well, what of that?
It's as good as the rest of my raiment:
If I should buy a better,
You'd set me down debtor,
And send me to jail for the payment.'

A 'swart sombrero, or glossy four-and-nine, to storm impermeable,' manufactured in the rural districts, was surely earned upon the occasion, by this muddled village bard. Let us hope, for the honor of the 'proprietor' aforesaid, that it was as surely paid:

'MR. ALEXANDER McPHERSON,
A most extraordinary person,'

evidently, in his neighborhood, we trust appears daily in the thoroughfares thatched with his renovated beaver — the 'reward of Genus.' *Apropos* of the name of 'Penn Yan,' the town whence this anecdote comes. The village was first started by an equal number of Pennsylvanians and Yankees. The latter wanted a Yankee name, the former a Pennsylvania one. After much dispute, and many severe tempests in agitated tea-pots, the disputants agreed to 'split the difference,' and come to a compromise. They adopted, by an unanimous vote, the first syllable in each proposed derivation: 'Penn Yan;' and 'Penn Yan' it remains, even unto this day. And how much better this is, than the ridiculous classical names given by Surveyor-General DE WITT to many of the towns in Central New-York: we could stand, upon a clear day, on the top of the 'house where we were born,' and with a good glass, look into Pompey, Tully, Homer, Dryden, Fabius, Marcellus, Camillus, Manlius, and Syracuse; while Cato, Scipio, Sempronius, Lysander, and three or four other 'mighty an-cient' folk, were near neighbors! How much better would have been the musical *Indian* names! - - - 'I THINK with you, MR. EDITOR,' writes a Michigan correspondent, 'that amidst the grotesqueness of the quoted passage from the eccentric Dr. RICHARDSON's *Bayard Taylor Comet*, there is, in one verse at least, a certain sort of celestial 'grandeur.' The

— 'SHINING HAND
That rolls the SUNS out into space,'

is very *Job-ish*: and this questioning of the Comet, as to his 'experiences' while on his travels, 'when you come to *think* of it,' has much more in it, than meets the eye, upon a skimming perusal:

'WHAT hast thou seen, old BLAZING STAR,
While rushing on thy flaming way?
Have SUNS expired beneath thy gaze,
And smitten Sparks blazed into Day!'

Taken out of their 'disjointed connection,' there are very many striking things in the verses of poor McDONALD CLARKE, one of the most gentle, harmless, confiding of men. Every body remembers his simile of the 'curtain of the night rolled up and pinned with a star:' and let your readers at 'Old Newport' (how different now from the Newport of old!) be assured that the two lines which follow were, 'in my day' on the Narragansett, *exactly* descriptive of the place:

'T is an old town, fenced by the Surge,
And left alone for a hundred years!'

At that time, as was once forcibly remarked by a Massachusetts Yankee, they 'built all old houses in Newport:' *almost* a fact; for one month after 'bathing' in the salt sea-air of the *old* town of Newport, a new-built house underwent as complete a metamorphose in color as a New-York belle now does, in visiting it 'in the season.'